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The Financial Outlook

By John Pell

Double Barreled Depression

The current depression will some day be famous for its twins, the security panic of 1929 and the security panic of 1931. It is only now that we can look back on 1931 with perspective — as well as dismay — that we can begin to see what really happened. Although the bull market collapsed in 1929 and business contracted throughout 1930, gold continued to flow into this country until by August, 1931, we possessed the greatest store of gold in our history. The banks found that their deposits and gold supply were increasing, while the demand for loans from industry and brokers had fallen to low levels. Furthermore, such loans as the banks had outstanding, were in many cases frozen. Therefore, in order to make their surplus gold earn its keep, the banks bought government and other bonds. Then came the collapse of Europe. Confidence in all currencies was undermined and every country immediately started to withdraw its foreign balances. At the same time hoarding in this country became rampant. The banks could meet the severe demand in only one way — by selling bonds. The bond panic of 1931 ensued.

It is my belief that this second panic caused more distress and did more real harm than the stock panic of 1929. It was in the second panic that conservative financial institutions were wrecked and intelligent business men ruined.

While the cataclysm of 1931 was foreseen by virtually no one, it must be admitted that a great part of the resultant grief was brought about by unwillingness to face the facts and follow the dictates of common sense. A New York broker has stated the situation clearly and concisely in the following notes:

"At a time when the security markets are hovering around uncomfortably low levels and the finest investments in the world are selling at seemingly ridiculous prices, the only consolation for the investor is the fact that every one has suffered, and that it is through no fault of his own that he finds himself reduced to a state of comparative poverty. It is discouraging, however, to realize how many of these losses have been incurred through utter disregard of the simplest facts, which can scarcely be dignified as 'principles' of investment.

"Every broker is familiar with the dear old lady who says:

"'But how can I sell my X Y Z at fifty when I paid 150 for it only a year ago? I can't *possibly* afford to take a loss of a hundred points!'

"Usually the case is hopeless. Even though there be every reason why X Y Z should be sold, she will not be made to understand that, whether she sells the stock or not, she has already taken the loss, and that, except for the payment of a small commission and tax, her equity or net worth is not altered one penny.

"Far more dangerous and liable to lead to disaster are the mistakes of the man whose balance sheet includes the item 'loans payable,' represented either by a debit balance due his broker for securities purchased on margin or by a security loan at his bank. His great error exists in dividing his holdings into two classes, those which he owns outright, and those which he is carrying on borrowed money. He fails to realize that all his property, whether directly pledged or not, may be called on to secure his loan, and that in effect he owns nothing outright.

"Let us for clarity's sake take a specific, and extreme, example. Our man owns $100,000 worth of good securities and nothing else. He thinks business is improving and buys another $100,000 worth of stocks on margin, using part of his original securities as collateral. He then owns $200,000 worth of securities and owes $100,000. If a severe decline in prices comes along, and the averages drop

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fifty per cent, he is not worth half as much as he was before; he has nothing left.

"Had our man not been stubborn, but had sold enough to liquidate his loan when the averages showed a decline of twenty-five per cent, he would still have had $50,000 left. At this point he should have reasoned with himself somewhat as follows:

"'If I sell sufficient of my holdings to pay the money I owe, I shall be in a position to gain or lose $12,500 as the averages move twenty-five per cent up or down. If I maintain my present position, and the market rises twenty-five per cent, I shall be back where I started. On the other hand, if prices decline another twenty-five per cent, I shall be bankrupt. My position is unsound. I can not afford to risk everything I own for the chance of winning a little more. I must either liquidate my debt entirely or reduce it materially.'

"At this point it seems fitting to say a few words in defense of the broker or banker who is rigid in enforcing his margin requirements and who appears utterly heartless in 'selling out' his client who is unable to meet them. To be sure, he is acting primarily to protect himself and consequently his other customers, but he is also frequently rendering a service to the victim in the case by forcing him to abandon a position in which he has no right to be.

"The 'friendly' bankers throughout the country who have carried security loans on inadequate collateral, and have continued to carry them in a declining market until they were 'under water,' were doubtless acting with the best of intentions, but they have caused widespread and unnecessary hardship by encouraging their clients to speculate beyond their means.

"To an experienced trader, to any one who has given these matters real thought, these are facts so patent that the writing of them seems absurd, yet it is appalling how frequently and with what disastrous results they are ignored.

"For the man who has lost all his money through the failure of his business or of his investments we have the most sincere sympathy; but for the man who through failure to face facts has allowed his loans to 'eat him up' we can feel only exasperated pity.

"It is impossible to force knowledge on those who do not care to know, but it is too bad that persons legally permitted to control their own affairs are not urged to think in general terms. The old copy-book of our youth, in which we were made to write platitudes over and over again until the words were impressed indelibly on our minds was at least effective.

"Perhaps Congress in its efforts to solve the mystery of depression by regulating speculation might apply this old method and pass a law requiring every customer opening an account with a broker to copy and recopy a list of maxims. The following are suggested:

"(1) In considering the soundness of an investment which I hold, I will forget its original cost.

"(2) If I owe any money I will consider all my property as collateral for the loan.

"(3) I will keep a constant check on my position and consider what it would be under the worst conditions within reason.

"(4) I will realize that 'taking a loss' does not alter my equity.

"(5) I will realize that by reducing my loans to a figure in a conservative relation to my equity, I am reducing the rate at which I may benefit in a rising market, but insuring myself against going broke."

Construction

AFTER an extremely disappointing showing in January, construction contracts in the first half of February showed a marked upturn. This in itself does not warrant the expectation of an immediate building boom, but it is a step in the right direction. At that, contracts for the fortnight are less than half of those let in the same period a year ago.

The F. W. Dodge Corporation estimates that total construction contracts let in the first quarter of 1932 will amount to about two-thirds of the figure for the first quarter of 1931. No estimate has been made for the second quarter but a better showing may be expected then. "Recent action in New York City looking toward adjustment of union wage scales is an evidence that all departments of the industry are getting to the bed rock basis essential to recovery." The Dodge bulletin reads: "In a growing number of

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BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

By VIRGINIA BARNEY

BIOGRAPHY

Joseph Hawley. Colonial Radical. By *E. Francis Brown*. New York: Columbia University Press. $2.75.

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Mr. Gladstone. By *Walter Phelps Hall*. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. Illustrated. $3.00.

The great statesman is presented here with his setting of the Victorian Age, a period in which Professor Hall finds real worth.

FICTION

Stormbury. A Story of Devon. By *Eden Phillpotts*. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

The atmosphere of rural England is here and the people of its countryside are easily recognized.

Many Mansions. By *Henry C. Rowland*. New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. $2.00.

A novel about two lovers in this world and the next. An unusual theme, realistically worked out.

The Capital City Murder. By *J. H. Wallis*. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

The disappearance of a wealthy Congressman from a social gathering and the vanishing of another person make a hard assignment for the detective, and a gruesome ending.

SOCIOLOGY AND SCIENCE

Social Aims in a Changing World. By *Walter G. Beach*. California: Stanford University Press. $1.75.

The author holds that society must lay more stress on personal obligation rather than on the selfish individualism which the Machine Age has made possible.

Systematic Sociology. On the Basis of the *Beziehungslehre* and *Gebildelehre* of *Leopold von Wiese*. Adapted and amplified by *Howard Becker*. New York: John Wiley and Sons. $6.00.

A comprehensive treatment of sociology, which attempts to show it as a science distinct from other social sciences and one which can be systematic rather than a collection of topics.

World Chaos. The Responsibility of Science. By *William McDougall*. New York: Covici, Friede. $1.25.

Professor McDougall considers that to avert a disaster to our civilization we must combat with the social sciences the complexities which the physical sciences have brought about.

The Wisdom of the Body. By *Walter B. Cannon*, M.D. New York: W. W. Norton, Inc. Illustrated. $3.50.

Dr. Cannon presents in readable, non-technical form the results of his researches: the theory of *homeostasis*, which explains how the steady states of the body are maintained.

RELIGION

"He Whom a Dream Hath Possessed." By *John Knox*. New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. $1.25.

This is a simple message of hope and courage and one which has a lasting quality.

Grace in the New Testament. By *James Moffatt*. New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. $3.00.

Dr. Moffatt shows that when grace is omitted from an interpretation of the New Testament, an essential element is left out.

VARIED OTHERS

How to Be Interesting. By *Professor Robert E. Rogers*. Boston: L. C. Page and Company. $2.00.

A practical and appealing topic, raised from the platitudinous by a style which holds attention.

Nationhood for India. By *Lord Meston*. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.50.

A former lieutenant-governor of the United Provinces outlines the development of thought in Indian history, and points out the way to self-government through British and Indian coöperation.

Murder in Your Home. By *Elisabeth Cobb* and *Margaret Case Morgan*. New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. $1.50.

Here are simple directions for a game that provides entertainment and tests your cleverness.

War and Peace in Europe 1815–1870. And other Essays. By *E. L. Woodward*. New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. $4.00.

Causes of peace and war, the technique of historical composition and the memoirs of Frenchmen during the time from the fall of Napoleon to the revolution of 1848 are discussed here.

Adventures in a Suburban Garden. By *Louise Beebe Wilder*. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

A gardening expert describes the cultivating of her own garden, and gives interesting information about plants.

(*Continued on page XV*)

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localities the question of building wage adjustments is being squarely faced. In fact in about fifteen cities of 100,000 or more inhabitants wage adjustments have already been amicably effected. In most of these cities other needed deflation has already taken place; hence these cities are likely to show first signs of revival."

Another important development in the construction industry is President Hoover's plan for home loan banks. There has been some objection to the scheme on the part of title guaranty and loan societies, who maintain that the country is already overbuilt, and that if further home building is stimulated by easy credit conditions, real estate will decline and the collateral of present loans be impaired.

But home building, as a cure for depressions, is one of Mr. Hoover's pet theories and it seems likely that the home loan bank will be engineered through Congress late in the session.

Mr. Hoover's theory is, as a matter of fact, perfectly sound. No industry is so far-reaching as the construction industry, nothing could help business more than a renewal of construction activity. But if the experience of the last two years has taught us anything, it is that easy credit, when unjustified, is a source of the greatest danger.

Short Selling

THE practice of short selling has become the topic of general discussion in both Wall Street and Washington. Congress, which looks with suspicion on anything emanating from Manhattan Island, is in a mood to restrict or prohibit the short selling of securities. Richard Whitney, president of the New York Stock Exchange, has made a valiant effort to defend the practice on the ground that it alone has made possible the maintenance of a free and open market for stocks during the recent calamitous years. He has produced charts and statistics, gathered in the past few months, intended to prove that short selling has not caused the successive breaks in the securities markets but rather that short covering has cushioned the falls. His statistics would, of course, be more convincing if they extended over a longer period, and his words bear more weight if he were not the spokesman for the profession which stands to lose the most by any restrictions placed on security trading.

On the other hand, even if it could be proved that the effect of short selling is not always beneficial, to prohibit it now would be altogether too much like closing the barn door after the horse has gone. Furthermore, while it is probably true that at times short selling has done harm, it is an indisputable fact that bull campaigns have done twenty times as much. The people who have been selling stocks in recent months at prices which wreak havoc upon the credit of the companies involved are, in a great many cases, the suckers who were the victims of bull campaigns a few years ago.

As a general rule bears are professionals who understand the trade, and their selling merely anticipates something that was going to happen anyway. On the other hand, in bull markets, the public buys stocks blindly and carries them to unwarranted heights, laying the base for the inevitable panic.

At the present time, there is a good deal of

(*Continued on page XIV*)

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By Way of Introduction

CLAUDIUS MURCHISON (*The Hope for Liberalism*) is a professor of economics at the University of North Carolina. His survey of the textile industry from 1926 to 1929 led to the publication of his book, *King Cotton Is Sick*. He has written many articles, chiefly for economic journals.

H. W. WHICKER (*Why Amateurs?*) has taught English at the University of Washington and at Washington State College, where he coached a branch of major athletics. He has been a newspaperman and cartoonist and has found time to serve in the Navy during the War, spend several years in the prize ring, and be much among the Indians of the Northwest.

UPTON TERRELL (*Petee Hike*) since the age of seventeen has been successively cowboy, guide, sailor, tramp, newspaper reporter, editor, correspondent and soldier. He now lives in Chicago, spending a part of the year in Santa Fé or the North woods, and devotes his time to writing stories and magazine articles.

JACK SPANNER ("*Alfalfa Bill*") is the pseudonym of an Oklahoman who describes himself as "just another newspaperman."

A J. VILLIERS (*Deep-Sea Sail*), a native of Melbourne, Australia, has spent most of his life shipping in sailing-vessels, his voyages having taken him around the Horn and whaling in the Antarctic. He has taken time out for newspaper work and writing; among his books are *By Way of Cape Horn* and *Sea Dogs of Today*.

WILLIAM TROY (*The New Intellectual*), educated at Yale, Columbia and the University of Paris, is now a member of the English department faculty of New York University, lecturing on contemporary literature. In recent years he has contributed many articles and reviews to leading publications.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN (*The Gangs of Main Street*) is an Omaha newspaperman who has traveled extensively and published articles in various magazines.

ALICIA O'REARDON OVERBECK (*Eat and Grow Crazy*), with her geologist-husband, has migrated a great deal. In Bolivia, after moving from "one extraordinarily desolate camp to another even more desolate," she started to let off steam by writing. Her first book is being brought out by Harper's.

EUGENE S. TALIAFERRO (*What to Do About the Railroads*) was born in Texas. Since serving in the World War, he has been an industrial engineer, an industrial executive and an investigator for an investment banking house on questions of industrial finance. The last two years have been devoted largely to railroad problems.

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD (*Not for Love*) is a dramatic critic, book reviewer and novelist. Her article, *Our Laggard Theatre*, appeared in the January issue.

JAMES E. BOYLE (*Tariff Trivia*) is professor of rural economy at Cornell University and author of several books on agricultural, economic and political subjects. In 1930 he was employed by the Cuban Government to report on sugar problems.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

The Gloomy Future

SOME months ago Mr. Struthers Burt wrote an article which was published in this magazine and which has stuck most persistently in my memory. His subject was the material left for novelists in our day, and his conclusion, after dismissing with appropriate arguments such things as plot, action, love and the stream-of-consciousness method (though this last with modifications could still be used), was that decisions of people are practically all that remain for the serious novelist to write about. As a matter of fact, the article was published in our August issue of last year, and this appeared at approximately the date of a news release from Dr. E. E. Free which has unaccountably remained in my desk until now. In this release there is described a speech by the Reverend Dr. John White of Glasgow before the World Conference on Stewardship and Church Finance at Edinburgh. Dr. White thought that the task of science had been completed at that time and that the task of religion was only beginning.

The difficulty of bringing these two arguments into one coherent system of thought is, I suppose, weak excuse for mentioning them together, but they do seem to have a connection. That is, if one is right, the other ought to be wrong. And if I am to believe Dr. Free's news releases at all, there is continued and amazing progress in the work of scientists; they are busier than they ever were before — finding out why round-the-world ships grow whiskers on one side, that unseasonable weather makes people quarrelsome, that automobile driving may make people go blind at the edges of their eyes, that the universe is built of waves and many other fascinating, useful and instructive matters. So we may assume Mr. Burt to be substantially correct on at least one score: that religion is not going to usurp the individual's privilege of free decision right away and that science is going to make things immensely more complicated and interesting to decide upon.

So we have it, according to Mr. Burt's argument: most of the major conventions, dogmas and bases for etiquette have been undermined, if

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not actually destroyed, in the last decade or two. For the first time, almost, in civilization man has the opportunity to decide for himself, unhindered by the rule of the dead or the maxims of his brethren. He has a new world to build. For his particular craft, and contrary to the laments of many backward-lookers, Mr. Burt concludes that there is plenty of "important, exciting and dour" work to be done, and he rejoices. But how about us less gifted mortals?

Both because there would be scant livings for the whole group of novelists if they wrote only of unrealities and because their abilities along that line are distinctly limited, the great mass of spade work for the new masterpieces has to be done by you and me. If the next generation or two is going to feed its reading appetite on the decisions of a hero or heroine or both as the main motif, you and I are going to have to make those decisions first. And whether or not the rest of the novelists feel as pleased at the prospect as Mr. Burt, there will be enough of us quite worn out before we get through. I know I shall be.

THE difficulty and unpleasantness of making decisions is a demonstrable proposition. Ask any life insurance salesman. But consider what Mr. Burt and other prophets of great change are letting us in for. We are to make many, many more decisions than we ever have before, but we are also going to make them without any precedents, without, or with very little, experience to fall back upon for comparison. When I think of the distress occasioned by such a comparatively simple matter as choosing a few verses for this magazine each month (an operation which has been familiar to men for centuries) I shudder at the future.

If you are immunized to the subject, take the machine. In adjusting ourselves to the automobile, for instance, we lay more or less end to end about the same number of corpses annually as there were American soldiers killed in action in the War. Contrary to expectations, the airplane has not proved quite so destructive, but as the autogyro idea penetrates, it probably will, and the projected stratosphere plane ought to add considerably to the damage. Other inventions to increase our mobility, if not our sense, may come along and with each one there will be an entirely new set of decisions to plague us. There are so many people in the world today who are constitutionally unable to decide which way to turn an automobile after giving a signal that I need not labor the point.

Take an almost equally bedeviled subject, the presidential election. Call yourself — and me, if you can bring yourself to it — a reasonably intelligent, informed citizen. Who among the aspirants deserves our votes? How shall we decide? Whose statements shall we believe? Modern inventions surely complicate our choice, but will they go farther and make it impossible? Will the polls in November be emptier than the farmer's bank account? Is there a point in confusion beyond which the human brain refuses to grope?

Take ordinary business during the depression. There is an unprecedented field for you. To be sure, the choices of action are somewhat limited: you

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can (if you are an owner) pull in your oars, cut wages and salaries and fire employes by the carload; you can, on the other hand, keep up wages, spread work, retain labor, concentrate on economies in management; you can do something in between; or you can get out and try some other form of endeavor, such as jumping off the roof of a skyscraper. But within these broad outlines are a myriad lesser choices in design, merchandizing, salesmanship, advertising, credit and whatever else vexes business men. None of them has any certain value in these times, one way or the other. You can be sure only of hard work and little gain. Probably even the varying degrees of swindle from stock promotion to the sale of dyed rabbit fur on the streets are much less profitable than they were and require much more cerebral exertion.

Take the novel writing field itself. There are some reasonably bitter choices here, too. For instance, whether to write novels, or advertising — perhaps even advertising for novels — or to succumb to the golden lure of publicity, or the lecture platform, or to try to make an honest living. There are also schools which teach their students how to write novels and short stories.

But this is descending into a lecture on vocational guidance. There are many other decisions. It may be that people will soon have to decide whether it is worth the effort to learn how to read. With the radio, television and such graphic pictorial advertising, there may be little need of the accomplishment for the average run of humanity. A few symbols might be helpful, such as the dollar sign, things for murder, divorce, breach of promise and other sex offenses — so that the tabloids could still remain in business — and the figures for business purposes; but the rest could go. Writing in long hand will, of course, die out very soon. Already there are many people advocating the instruction of youngsters first on the typewriter. Probably there will be some kind of machine invented for the sake of records which will transcribe dictation, some elaboration of the dictaphone. Perhaps a few new jobs will be created: public readers, like the old amanuenses. Men who choose to read will be endangering their reputations with a taint of scholarship, which seems to carry no less derogatory an implication in America than it ever did.

Then it appears that war is destined to become a matter of much more painful decision in the future than it was even in 1914. The economic consequences are now so widely known that it will take a deal of ingenuity to steer people into it for a long time to come. But that is not so much the point; it can be done, in fact is being done. The really arduous task will be in deciding what to call it. Despite the presence of some of the most distinguished journalists of our time, no one has found an entirely satisfactory euphemism for the affair at Shanghai — unless there is some untranslatable word in the Japanese language.

A still more elaborate decision, also on the grand scale, is what to do to stop a war. The great minds of most civilized nations have been wracked for months trying to find

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some way of stopping the not-a-war in China and at this writing appear to be relying more on the hope that both sides will tire of bloodshed of themselves than anything else. One amateur plan which has points of considerable interest originated, evidently, in London and has the support of Brigadier General F. P. Crozier, appropriately, who wrote *The Brass Hat in No Man's Land.* The idea is to recruit a large number of volunteers from non-combatant countries and parade them between the two lines of soldiers, who would be invited to shoot if they wished. As Miss Maud Royden, one of the creators of this plan, remarked, "The question is, would they kill us?" Its main idea is to make the combatants laugh, which is thought to be the most effective way of stopping a quarrel, and Miss Royden thinks that thousands of civilians besieging a war area would be very ludicrous indeed. The decision, as I see it, would be next to impossible for any one with common sense. If he could bring himself to appear ludicrous for the sake of stopping what a vast number of people categorically deny is a war, it would be a marvelous feat. But how can you expect him to submit to the risk of being killed to appear ludicrous for the sake of stopping what a vast number of people categorically deny is a war? The complications of motive alone are too much.

There is not space to add more dire predictions, but the trend must be clear. If Dr. White's hope for religion could be realized, we would have a much easier time of it: there would be rules of conduct for some matters, at least. If it can not, however, there might be a measure of alleviation in an Act of Congress forbidding all decisions except those made on the first of January or April Fool's Day.

W. A. D.

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The Hope for Liberalism

By Claudius Murchison

In the recent wholesale idol-shattering liberals have not been ignored, but here is an economist who points to definite progress they have made and to the good they still will do

Were it possible to mobilize the forces of liberalism in the United States and so procure action along a single battle front, the mastery of our major economic problems would be comparatively easy. Liberal forces have never been so numerous, so virile and so intelligent as at present. They promise much, have the power to achieve much, but have actually accomplished little. There is as yet no laboring in a common cause.

The bankers exhibit a high type of liberalism as regards those policies which foster the health of foreign investments. The farmers, otherwise conservative, literally reek with liberalism in its relation to cotton and wheat. Truly inspiring is the sympathetic appeal of labor's liberalism, so long as it has to do with hours and wages. The manufacturers are enthusiastically liberal on the issue of trust laws and trade associations. In addition, we have reparations liberals, managed currency liberals, tariff liberals and taxation liberals. But bring the various groups together with their respective liberalisms and the result is comparable to a volcanic eruption.

Disconcerting though it may be, the spectacle is by no means discouraging. It offers reassurance in that many of the conflicting notions represent attitudes which are new. In outwardly professing to be liberal, they imply a break from traditional thinking and a willingness to appraise specific cases on merit. There is at least no calling upon the Constitution, no great cry for court sanctions, no appeal to the "American system," no undue insistence upon what Washington said. One hears but little quibbling about such things as "due process of law" and the proper application of the "police power."

With these improvements in attitude and practice there needs to be joined one further characteristic, in order that the welding of a single broad programme of liberalism may proceed. This essential is the recognition that the fundamental test of a liberal view is its relation to the factual basis of economic life. If all programmes of reform are made to

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radiate logically from this factual basis, there can be no inconsistencies, no mutual intolerances. Our hope for an early realization of liberal thinking and acting on a nation-wide scale would seem then to depend on the speed with which we absorb economic enlightenment. At what rate are we moving toward that much to be desired goal?

THE last decade has certainly taught us more of underlying realities than has any other. It has demonstrated with brutal frankness the full range and breadth of economic relationships, the essential dependence of all industries, of all occupational groups and nations. We have learned bitterly that the solution of no problem is possible merely by arbitrary concessions to the interests most directly affected.

From the beginning, one trained in economics knew that the Government programme of agricultural relief by purchase and storage of surplus output was an open invitation to disaster. Now the entire public knows it, and the experiment was doubtless worth while, despite its ravishment of the Treasury and its placing of the farmer himself in a plight worse than his original one. In this case, as in so many others, the fault was not in motive, but in the failure to understand so simple an economic principle as that price control must be linked with production control.

Equally illuminating have been the recent revelations with respect to our international economic affairs. We have traditionally viewed the tariff solely as a domestic matter involving only the questions of a protected home market and high wage scales. We assumed that it had nothing to do with the success of our export business, or with the ability of foreign citizens and countries to pay their debts.

We have thought of inter-governmental debts as being in the nature of private debts, to be paid in money from the internal revenues of the debtor country. We did not seriously consider that they must be paid from revenues derived from commodity exports, thereby implying a contradiction of high tariff policy by the creditor countries. In like manner, we thought of international investments as creating problems merely for the individual (or the navy); of international gold movements as easily controlled convenience operations to settle incidental balances; of international price movements as matters not seriously concerning domestic price behavior; of reparations as a problem in international ethics, or law.

The public has seen all these assumptions crumble into dust. It now knows that tariff policies, foreign loan policies, the movements of international prices, the behavior of gold, the settlement of reparations are connected parts of the same whole, inseparably woven together by their own interactions. Only by world-wide calamity were we forced into seeing it, but the point is that we have at last seen it.

Three years ago the public thought it knew all that was worth knowing about business cycles. It now thinks that it knows nothing about business cycles. As a matter of fact its learning and wisdom in this field have expanded vastly from the minute

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proportions of three years ago. The pseudo-economists with their fancy patterns of economic sequences, their barometrical time-lags and their trick formulas no longer control our thinking. In 1929 the backwoods readers of the county weeklies could rattle off as glibly as the denizens of Wall Street the reasons why prosperity could not be destroyed. In 1930, though in a somewhat dazed condition, they were rattling off prescriptions for recovery. In both years they derived sad disillusionment from trial and error, a learning process which is absolutely dependable. If it be objected that previous crises by this method have taught but little, the answer is that their coming in every case was heralded by conditions generally regarded as unsound. The crisis which came in 1929 not only had no heralds which were visible to the experts, it was not even accorded a chance of birth. That is why it turned out to be so exceptionally informative.

In 1893, we had learned that a threatened shift from gold to silver could produce monetary chaos; in 1907, that an unwieldy banking system with no facilities for rediscount and no centralized reserves could not stand the strain of prosperity; in 1920, that war-time inflation and commodity speculation must end in temporary economic collapse.

But in 1931, we learned at first hand literally a host of things: that all of the known bulwarks of prosperity were vulnerable, that all of the doctrines of stability were fallible. What if production efficiency was superlative, commodity speculation absent, finished goods inventories small, employment satisfactory, wages high, gold abundant, credit cheap, the banking system powerful and flexible, and last, but not least, the party of prosperity in power? Did ever a generation learn so much about the limitations of these things in so short a time?

And how worth while it is to know, contrary to previous belief, that the stock market, which had on the rise tied up eight billions of dollars in brokers' loans, failed to release those billions for legitimate business when it crashed; but on the other hand virtually destroyed them, and in addition tied up other billions in the form of frozen loans! And how fortunate it is to learn at last that when the industrial equilibrium is upset, the possession of a couple of billions of dollars of surplus gold is about as effective in maintaining confidence and credit stability as so many pounds of run o' the mine coal!

THE additional information on the causes and effects of combination is colossal. But a few years since, knowledge on that subject was confined to the few who could engage in labored research. They burrowed into reports of the Industrial Commission, into bulky hearings of Congressional committees, into United States Supreme Court cases, and formulated vague academic conclusions which students went to sleep over in the class room. But during the great prosperity, the curtains were torn wide apart, the fog was blown away, the combination movement with drums beating and flags waving was made a part of the great parade. Every possible form of showcase, spotlight and broadcast was resorted to in order that the

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magnificent riot of mergers and consolidations might be revealed in utter nakedness, not by way of alarm, but in vainglory! Financial procedures, production reorganizations, marketing policies were not hidden as of yore, but were displayed to a cheering public as prideful achievement.

Two great industries, textiles and bituminous coal, failing to perform their expected share of combination, were denounced as the ulcerous spots in the economic organization. The railroads under legal compulsion to combine, aroused general indignation by their tardy compliance. The farmers disposed to individualistic behavior were subjected to every form of moral, political and financial pressure to induce a change of heart. Finally, in the oil fields of Oklahoma and Texas, the armed forces of the State were used to suppress individualistic, competitive practices!

In the sober aftermath, we see as a matter of record that the Titans of each particular industry overdid the issuance of securities and the expansion of plant even more extravagantly than their smaller competitors, proved to be no better judges of the course of economic events, no better regulators of production, no stronger influences toward business stability, no better handlers of the unemployment problem. They augmented, rather than lessened, the perils of competition and aggravated, rather than alleviated, the varied tendencies to excess which always make their appearance in prosperity. Like huge pachyderms they stand unwieldy and resourceless in depression, as they were Pollyanna-like and undiscerning in prosperity.

We must, therefore, reopen the question as to whether these supercorporations should be retained in the economic structure. Examination discloses that only in rare cases have they reached their extreme magnitudes from considerations merely of manufacturing and marketing efficiency. Beyond certain limits large scale enterprise should not go, if size is to be determined by forces which are truly inherent. If we justify combination on other grounds, or retain it without justification, shall we be satisfied with the competition of giants, or shall we insist upon "regulated combination"? The latter will demand an elaborate and ever growing machinery of Government control, continually narrowing the gap between Government and business until finally it will be bridged over by the adoption of state socialism or some form of Fascism. So would die competition and capitalism with it.

We are not concerned, as a present problem, so much with the relative desirability of these outcomes, as we are with the course of events which will lead to them. We have obviously reached the time when a rational choice should be made between two roads. Whether the road to increasing combination be chosen, or not, it is well to be clear on the point that the power magnates, the professional promoters, the investment bankers and the stock jobbers, through an unrestrained piling up of corporation super-structures, can do more in five years to precipitate socialism, or one of its counterparts, than all of the cohorts of Stalin could do in a century.

A form of liberalism which is

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designed to function permanently within a system of capitalistic enterprise is logically compelled, therefore, to fight for the maintenance of a widely diffused competition. Are there exceptions to be made? Possibly, as in the oil fields, where the paramount consideration is that of conservation of natural resources. But in the case of the railroads, a condition of competition is not incompatible with the formation of large systems made up of trunk line and feeders, a principle explicitly recognized and provided for in the Transportation Act of 1920. In the case of the power and light utilities, the principle of regulated legal monopoly must be accepted, so far as the provision of current and gas for general business and residential purposes is concerned. But there is little reason for the application of such a principle to the provision of large scale power for industrial purposes. With approximately eighty-five per cent of the country's power and light facilities in the hands of a half dozen holding company groups, the combinations have swept far beyond the proportions prescribed by the requirements of maximum economic efficiency. In the final stages of their formation there was no important motive other than the speculative and political gain from the welding process itself, and no achievement other than converging the profit flows of many separate companies into a single bottle neck.

Throughout the major manufacturing industries, the optimum size of each competitive unit is a matter to be determined by the nature of the product and the technological conditions of production and market distribution. If there is expansion beyond the demands of these criteria, the additional financial power is less likely to be used in the interest of a more efficient industrial process than it is in arbitrary and extravagant attempts at market exploitation. It is under circumstances such as these that competition has displayed its worst abuses, and so brought upon the competitive system criticisms which it does not inherently deserve.

A true economic liberalism will insist upon the maintenance by the American state of its most precious heritage — a virile competitive system without which freedom of economic opportunity becomes a hollow myth. A liberalization of the anti-trust laws is indeed in order, not for the purpose of conjuring into existence new industrial and financial leviathans, but to break the crustations which already bind us.

WHAT shall be the liberal attitude toward labor? Heretofore such liberalism as we have had was distinguished primarily for its whole-hearted and vigorous support of whatever policies organized labor chose to have. Such an attitude is wholly illogical. Organized labor is our staunchest supporter of a high protective tariff; it welcomes, rather than opposes, combination and monopoly. What are these but the essence of conservatism? Moreover, in all international economic questions labor is in essential agreement with the doctrines of mercantilism which were the vogue 150 years ago. Its great antagonist, capitalism, is not nearly so dreadful as possible competition with the workers of

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Europe, or Japan, or Russia. The American Federation of Labor has a keener horror of communism than has the American Bankers Association. In the United States, its most feared enemies are not the employers, or the helpless bondholders, but the radicals who surreptitiously join the ranks to "bore from within."

The nearer its attainment to power, the more nearly does unionism approximate an agent of fixation. Even those arrangements known as "labor-management coöperation" when established tend to oppose further economic change, technological or otherwise. Railway management, shorn of its profits by reduced traffic in 1930 and 1931, did not arouse the enmity of its own labor by wage reductions, or changes in the character of service, but with the fervent support of the Brotherhoods took the easier path in a campaign for higher rates. Not until the spring of 1932, when the entire railway systems had reached the verge of insolvency, was any readjustment made in Brotherhood wages.

In England, labor has advanced to a more complete testing. Having won its first objectives from individual employers, it proceeded through its central Trades Union Council to a formulation of national policies, and finally moved forward to a virtual control of government. In this last responsibility, it failed miserably, for the simple reason that its programme of liberalism designed in the interests of a class ceased to be liberal when applied to the nation as a whole.

Faced in 1931 with her greatest economic crisis of a century, England came to the task of solution with the least flexibility of a century. Her economic structure, machinery, processes and relationships had been coagulated, largely by the efforts of labor, into an unyielding rigidity. When the pressure of international markets compelled a physical rejuvenation of her methods and equipment, and a downward readjustment of labor costs, prices and doles, in order that the life-giving flow of imports and exports might continue unabated, labor's concept of the proper procedure was scarcely broader than that of the American Brotherhoods.

In no country has the programme of labor been so unimpeded as in Australia. Supreme both in industry and in the administration of the state, the labor group was free to cultivate to its final harvesting the "doctrine of the common man." But the establishment of arbitrary wage scales bolstered by a prohibitive tariff and reckless expenditures in all forms of public enterprise, sustained by unconscionable foreign borrowings, finally brought her to the inevitable dénouement of a defaulted public debt, a suspension of specie payments, inflation and depreciation. In the long run, her particular brand of progressivism turned out to be only an inordinate nationalism. A similar outcome in England is held in suspense only by a last moment breakdown of party lines.

From the experience of these two countries one is forced to the inference that labor given a free hand in the promotion of its own policies, suicidally deadens and emasculates the capitalism of which it is a part. In its own interest, then, labor must strive for a proper functioning of the

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economic system in its entirety, and must be no less responsive than capitalistic enterprise to the influences making for change in economic procedure or structure.

It is now possible to say that at home and abroad we have gathered the full fruits of such liberalisms as the past has had to offer. At home they have consisted of spasmodic sorties in behalf of unrelated and particularistic ends; struggles for objectives that were mutually repugnant; sops for aggrieved interests; alleviating expedients to relieve the pressures of the moment. In Europe they have taken more consistent and harmonious forms, but have enjoyed no great breadth of application and no great freedom from the polemics of class warfare.

Both experiences prove that liberalism to endure must stand above groups and localities. It can make no permanent gains which are not in the interest of economic society as a whole. It recognizes that any proposed reform must be tested not only by its effect on the sponsors, but by the whole series of impacts which it would create. In the wake of every readjustment is a long sequence of interactions and repercussions which have no less a claim to consideration than the objective which stands in the forefront. Only with such an attitude can we stand on solid ground when adjudging the compensation claims of the American Legion, the claims of the agriculturists, the claims of the manufacturers, the claims of the international bankers, the claims of labor.

In these principles will lie the continuing distinction of the liberalism of the future. They contain no outlines of a Utopia, they do not set the final goals toward which the nation shall strive. But they do provide a method of approach to current economic problems which assures that the solution of each shall be in harmony with the solution of the others. There is no greater immediate need than this. Its satisfaction gives us purposeful mastery over the national destiny.

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Why Amateurs?

By H. W. Whicker

A defense of subsidization in college athletics

The world in which intercollegiate athletics exist as an institution is a professional world. The adjustment they make to the circumstances of modern life is of necessity a professional adjustment. They are constantly face to face with such economic problems as building and equipment costs, salaries of personnel, transportation, competition and a multitude of other considerations which fall rigidly within the realm of financing.

Similar considerations have forced professionalism into industry, commerce, banking, medicine, the ministry, teaching and the various arts and crafts. But for all that, an intellectual minister's message on the probability of life after death is none the less inspiring, if he be paid for his speculation. A teacher may still be a useful and an honorable force in society, though he contract for his pittance. We attach no stigma to the salaries of bankers, statesmen and other public servants. And the chances are excellent that the learned gentlemen who conducted the Carnegie Foundation's research into athletic subsidization, a few years ago, were handsomely rewarded for the dust they kicked up behind the scenes. There is, in other words, nothing amateur. Amateurism is at best but ideal theory, and like Utopia, impossible in practice. The amateur is a creature of myth. He does not exist in flesh and blood.

Athletic subsidization, we may safely assume, is but sin in perspective, a perspective that has given way to the practical in all other walks of life — a perspective, too, that would bring the whole superstructure of organized society down about our ears if it were maintained. The fact that intercollegiate athletics have developed into the great national institution that they now are, serving the purposes they now serve, with the intricate organization they now boast, is evidence enough to support the conclusion that the amateur perspective will not stand in football or any other competitive sport. The turnstile is the patron saint of football and other intercollegiate games, just as it is the patron saint of professional baseball, the prizefight and the theatre.

II

The graduate manager is first of all a business man, generally a sensible business man. His first

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consideration is gate receipts. He knows that without gate receipts there would be no activity on the field. He can not escape this fundamental economic pressure. There is still another, and one perhaps even more exacting. The college administrator insists, as do the alumni and the immediate public around the college, that intercollegiate athletic competitions are the institution's most dependable medium of advertising.

Here again, the college administrator is forced, like the graduate manager, to lay aside sentiment for the practical in the face of circumstances. The college administrator, particularly in the West, where the drama of development is climaxing in new cities and empires, is first a builder, then an educator. He is an institutional engineer and architect compelled to meet the problem of institutional growth and development in a world of mass educational movement. In States now supporting two or more institutions of higher learning, these ranging from normal schools and colleges through to universities, the administrator must compete with other administrators before legislatures which apportion funds on the basis of percentage of enrolment increase. Naturally he must look to his advertising and publicity.

Football has for years been his most effective medium. The administrator must appeal to a public which does not concern itself with logic in buying, or with fine distinctions between false and true advertising. It is a world where black-faced comedians establish trade names in toothpaste, where the paid endorsements of popular cinema stars are the determining factor in cigarette distribution, and where sales volume fattens upon sensation and emotion and starves upon reason and logic. We can not expect, for instance, that the institution which wins the national gridiron championship has a better academic equipment for educational purposes than all other American colleges and universities. And that is not the intention of the administrator. He merely wishes to place the institutional name before the public with a view to enrolment increase. His judgment of the general appeal in football and other games is accurate. His motives are beyond reproach. When he utilizes football for advertising and publicizing the college, he is but making an intelligent appraisal of public habits of mind, and adjusting himself shrewdly and expediently to actual conditions in a world where the methods and ethics of salesmanship have long since been established by legitimate business. He knows that his institution has other branches and facilities more vital to the education of young men and women than football, but he also knows that the national broadcasting companies do not make Saturday afternoon capital of philosophical lectures, classroom floundering through language and literature and other realms of intellectual progress, and that there is more radio and sport page interest in an all-American halfback than in a Phi Beta Kappa.

The Chamber of Commerce and other booster organizations concerned with such problems as city and district growth and development

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were also quick to realize the national benefit to be had in this connection from winning college teams. Notre Dame's gridiron achievements, for example, have won the city of South Bend no little reflected glory and given her municipal name more news space than her automobile manufacturing and all other industrial activities combined. The Pacific Northwest is known in the East because of the University of Washington crews at Poughkeepsie; hence the Seattle Chamber of Commerce feels it no imposition when she is called upon to contribute her share to the cost of sending this crew east each spring.

It is highly probable that football and other college games might have educational value in an educational perspective which allowed general student participation. It is also highly probable, in this same perspective, that football and other college games might develop character, train the individual in those vital principles of living best symbolized by games, and build healthy bodies. But educational perspective has long since been driven from the system by the natural pressure of two economic, or *professional*, considerations, gate receipts and advertising and publicity. The team must win. The American public does not patronize a loser. The American public does not tolerate a loser. If the team does not win, it loses its advertising and publicity value; and the institution itself, its city, and its district fade from the sport sheet and are no longer heard of in national broadcasts.

The success or failure of a coach is therefore rigidly determined by the standing of his team in conference records of games won and lost. His contribution to student character, ideals of sportsmanship and physical health can no longer weigh in such an analysis. To win, he must limit his squads to the few experienced athletes who no longer need his instruction and eliminate the many who might profit by it. To win, he must take this select few and drive them through an intensive training which practically bars them, at least during the season, from the broader fields of college life, cultural and otherwise — and which, more often than not, menaces their physical health in the end. He is forced to fight out his gridiron battles in cities frequently far removed from the campus of either student body, and scheduled in main population centres by graduate managers where the greatest crowds may be had. The coach, in other words, is as much a victim of these two all-important economic considerations as the average student, the graduate manager and the college administrator.

III

It is but reasonable to conclude, then, that the economic considerations of gate receipts and advertising and publicity were inevitable in intercollegiate athletics from the first, just as they have always been inevitable in any business or industry which depends upon mass gatherings of the public for income and profit. It is also reasonable to conclude that these two economic considerations throw intercollegiate athletics into the same general classification as big league baseball, the prizefight, the circus

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and the theatre. It follows, in addition, that the actual *professionalism* in such enterprises relates entirely to their economic purposes and has nothing to do with whether or not the actual workers on the field are paid for their services in attracting the crowd and advertising the institution, the city and the district.

In the face of such considerations, intercollegiate athletics are not *amateur* sport and can not be *amateur* sport, *amateur* codes and creeds notwithstanding. They are grueling labor for commercial purposes, even though every purse of every member of a squad is empty. Legitimate business pays those individuals and personalities who attract the crowd on the professional baseball diamond, on the professional stage, or in the professional ring. Legitimate business pays its advertising agents and pays them well. Is there any sound reason why a college athlete should not receive a just and substantial reward for his work? Harold (Red) Grange was personally responsible for the enrichment of the University of Illinois Associated Student treasury by tens of thousands of dollars during his playing connection with University of Illinois teams. Harold (Red) Grange also brought the University of Illinois a general publicity recognition which officials of that institution considered invaluable. Yet Harold (Red) Grange left the University of Illinois, after his last game, under a cloud of practical ostracism, and with empty pockets. Who committed the *professional* sin here, the university or the athlete?

Some years back, to carry the analysis further, the town of Shelby, Montana, became imbued with boom ideas. Shelby felt, to no slight degree, the urge for national publicity. Under the enthusiasm of this urge, and in a spirit of civic loyalty, Shelby business men entered into a contract with Jack Dempsey, then heavyweight champion, to fight Tommy Gibbons fifteen rounds for a guarantee of three hundred thousand dollars, an amount slightly in excess of the total gate receipts at any big gridiron classic. Shelby, as a consequence, was prominent in sport sheets and national magazines for weeks, both before and after this spectacle. Other towns and cities have from time to time resorted to the prizefight for publicity purposes with varying success. When intercollegiate football is employed by college administration for enrolment boom purposes, or on the day of a game to stimulate business in a city hundreds of miles from the campus of either student body, can we still hope that it is less professional in spirit and purpose than was the Dempsey-Gibbons fight? When a magnificent crew battles its way through four heart-breaking miles at Poughkeepsie in the joint interest of a State university and the Pacific Northwest tourist trade, are its labors not *professional*, whatever the motives in the hearts of the men at the oars? Can a principle be one thing in theory, and another in practice?

IV

THE present intercollegiate athletic situation is not without its touches of tragedy and pathos when we consider that the college athlete must face economic conditions in an economic world, and still, through a

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farce of amateur rules, spend the best four years of his life playing football and other games for nothing. He must pay cash for the food he eats, the clothes he wears, and the roof over his head. He must pay cash for his enrolment in the university, for his laboratory facilities, for his tuition, and for other educational incidentals. Nothing about him, from the actual necessities of life to the common and pleasurable luxuries of living, may be had in exchange for insubstantial returns of honor and glory on the gridiron, the basketball court, the cinder lanes or the baseball diamond.

When everything in life is bought and paid for, why should the college athlete not have his share? If, as is frequently the case, a clean and decent youth must make his own way up the educational slope, athletic honor and glory will not save him from the miserable drudgery of fraternity or boarding house kitchen sinks, and other menial labors which have neither cultural nor intellectual value. When we consider soberly the little contribution such tasks as dish-washing, floor-scrubbing and janitor duties make to the moral and spiritual growth of a modern youth, we may very well believe that the time wasted upon them could be more profitably given to wholesome association with the youths about him on the campus, and to such pursuits as literature, history, science, the arts and other academic branches essential to his education.

When the economic demands of the present intercollegiate athletic system, with their merciless stress on gate receipts and advertising and publicity, force the athlete to live football and other games for four years to the practical exclusion of all else, what can he be said to have got from his educational adventure but football, basketball, track, or baseball? Other men, after four years of experience in the advertising and publicity fields of legitimate business, face, according to individual merit, opportunity for advancement in their profession — and in the meantime they have been paid salaries proportionate to their worth by the business or industry they represent. Granted that the typical football star knows only football when he leaves his Alma Mater, would he not be in a better position to face life, if from a fair salary he had saved a few thousand of the many thousands of dollars he was directly responsible for bringing in at the gate? Let us assume that the various universities named in the Carnegie Foundation reports and other investigations, from time to time, do subsidize their athletes in violation of the amateur rules. Are they not, after all, a little nearer to actual honesty in the matter than the institutions which still profess belief in the amateur myth, and deny to their advertising and publicity workers what should by all right and principle be theirs? There is, let us admit, some little encouragement to be had from the fact that this payment goes on here and there under cover, and in defiance of a code that was obsolete and impractical from the beginning.

V

THERE may be a time when intercollegiate contests will be scheduled by graduate managers

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for purposes other than gate receipts — this, of course, under the assumption that the graduate manager is a miracle worker and a keeper of geese that lay golden eggs. There may be a time when competitive games will be utilized primarily for student health and recreation. There may be a time when the college administrator can get press space and radio time for the intellectual activities which give his institution excuse for being. And finally, there may even be a time when coaches will be hired, as they would like to be hired, for their positive influence upon student bodies. But that time is altogether problematical, and dependent upon radical changes in traits of human nature which have pretty generally held their own for the past twenty or thirty thousand years. And until that time comes, there is nothing to do but forget the amateur myth and allow intercollegiate athletics an adjustment to economic principles which are not less relentless than the laws of gravity with objects heavier than air.

The present situation is not nearly so bad as it seems, when we free our minds from mythological conceptions. There is little reason for believing that intercollegiate athletics are menacing college education. An intelligent young man or woman may still get all out of college that college has ever had to offer. The spiritual values of life are about as permanent in human nature as the material. Notre Dame was in no sense handicapped by Knute Rockne. Stanford is not worse off for Glenn Warner, nor Chicago for Alonzo Stagg, nor Illinois for Robert Zuppke, nor Southern California for Howard Jones. These men do their duty, and do it well — as do hundreds of other coaches well worthy of mention.

Football and other college games may even, to a degree, refine the public mind, and by so doing fulfill one of the first functions of a college or university. In a world where the senses and emotions are forced, day by day, to prey upon the brutalities of the prizefight, the vulgarity and obscenity of the vaudeville and the lurid details of murder and other crime, intercollegiate athletics have at least given the public wholesome spectacles which somehow symbolize clean manly living, loyalty to a cause, personal sacrifice, and other principles of higher human conduct which are vigorous and vital. There is, in reality, but one matter of deep regret at the present time, and that the fact that year by year, because of fanatical faith in the reality of the amateur myth, institutions war upon each other, sacrificing fine institutional friendships over violations of a code which has never had foundation in principle, and denying to the real actors in the drama on the field the pay that is rightfully and honorably theirs.

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Petee Hike

By Upton Terrell

A Story

SLOAN was the only company official in the office on Wednesday afternoon when Mrs. Hike telephoned that her husband was not expected to live. The news came as a distinct shock, for no one in the firm knew Hike was ill. They all thought he had gone to Iowa Sunday night on business. Sloan left messages for Meiner and Carroll, who were out calling on a client, and hurried to the hospital, wondering as he drove north from town why Mrs. Hike had not notified them sooner.

He was not able to see Hike right away because the doctors were in his room. A nurse informed him that Mrs. Hike had gone home to change clothes. She had left word that she would return at once.

"What's the matter? What happened to him?" Sloan said excitedly. "I didn't want to ask her over the telephone. We didn't know he was even sick. We thought he was in Iowa. I don't understand why she didn't call us on Monday."

The nurse smiled wearily. "Streptococcus," she answered in a patient voice. "It's in his nose."

Sloan did not know the meaning of the word. "Streptococcus," he said with difficulty. "What's that?"

"It is a very dangerous infection," the nurse told him, and excused herself as a light flashed above a door.

"I'll wait outside," said Sloan.

He went into the reception room which opened off the entrance hall. There were a number of comfortable-looking chairs there but he did not sit down. He paced slowly back and forth across a stretch of polished floor, a nervous, little man with a drawn face, twisting his hat in his hands. The floor was made of wooden squares stained different shades, and as he walked he was careful to step only in each third square. The amusement helped to calm him.

He had not been waiting long when Meiner and Carroll came in. They had returned to the office soon after he had left, and had started at once for the hospital. They came toward him quickly, their faces concerned and expectant. Carroll was a portly man with a dignified bearing, quite the opposite of Meiner who was tall and thin and somewhat slouchy.

Sloan explained the situation.

"If it's streptococcic infection," said Meiner, "it's bad. My wife's brother —"

Carroll interrupted him. "Have you seen him, or Mrs. Hike?"

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"Not yet," said Sloan. "The doctors are in there. She's gone home to change her dress."

A look of disgust spread over Meiner's sharp, bespectacled face. "She would," he muttered.

Sloan looked puzzled. "What do you mean? I never met her."

"Well, I have," Meiner continued in the same tone. "Mrs. Meiner and I had them over one evening about a year ago to play cards, and we never heard from her afterwards. My wife says she's got her nose up in the air, and all she ever thinks about are clothes. Isn't that about right, Carroll? You know her."

Carroll tugged at one of his red cheeks. "I don't think we ought to discuss Mrs. Hike now," he said slowly. "What do we care what she thinks or does?" He looked at Sloan. "How long has Pete been sick? I played golf with him Saturday."

"He's been in the hospital since Sunday night. What do you think of that?" replied Sloan as if he expected Carroll to be extremely astonished.

But the words appeared to hurt Carroll, more than to surprise him. "And she only called us today?" he said. "That's too bad. We might have done something for him. What do you suppose was the reason?"

"She probably had to change her dresses so many times that she —" Meiner began.

"Oh, wait." Carroll stopped him with gentle reproof. He looked about the room as if searching for something. The feeling had come to him that they were wasting valuable time, yet he understood there was nothing to be done but wait. Then as if he were slightly embarrassed at his obvious disapproval of Meiner's attitude, he said, "I thought he had gone to Iowa. He told me he would take the sleeper Sunday evening."

Sloan appeared particularly miserable. "Didn't all of us? And Jenkins Brothers, what must they think? Three days have gone by, and not a word from us. They've no doubt placed their order with some one else now."

"Perhaps not," said Carroll hopefully.

Sloan was not to be easily encouraged. "But if we had only known —"

"Hell," said Meiner harshly. "You never think of anything but business, do you? What are Jenkins Brothers compared to Pete? I admit I don't like his wife, but that don't affect my feeling for him."

"That's right." Carroll agreed. "Now —" He stopped speaking as a nurse approached them.

The nurse spoke to Sloan in a pleasant, quiet voice. "You may go in now. But I must remind you that Mister Hike's condition is very serious."

The three men stared at her, as if her words, augmenting the realization that Hike was near death, left them incapable of speech or action. Carroll seemed to find himself first.

"If you think we had better not —" He hesitated.

The nurse's youthful face did not change its composed expression, but her tone became more significant. "Doctor Greenbaum would like you to see him now!"

The men understood. As if with great effort Carroll said,

"All right."

Meiner looked up suddenly. "Here comes Mrs. Hike," he whispered.

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She nodded in recognition as she came toward them. She was tall and slender and moved gracefully across the polished floor, a noticeably well-groomed woman, at once striking and handsome. When she reached them a fleeting smile crossed her face.

"It was nice of you to come," she said, looking at Carroll. Her voice was smooth and quiet.

He introduced Sloan. "You know Mr. Meiner, I believe," he added.

Her dark eyes wavered as if agitated slightly by a disturbing thought. "Yes, of course."

"We are all very grieved," Carroll continued. "And you must not hesitate to make any request."

She nodded. "You are very gracious," she said with apparent appreciation.

"Why didn't you call us sooner?" asked Sloan bluntly.

Her thinned eyebrows raised quickly, and her lips tightened. "Why I didn't think it necessary. I didn't think it would be so serious."

Carroll spoke to her sympathetically. "Of course, not. Mr. Sloan means only that Mr. Hike might have wanted something." He cursed Sloan to himself for increasing the awkwardness of the situation, bad enough already.

Her eyebrows and lips relaxed again. A smile neither sardonic nor sincere played about her sensitive mouth creating a rather provoking expression. "I think everything has been done." She turned to the nurse. "How is he now?"

"There is no change," the nurse answered in a cold voice, and looked at Carroll. "Come this way, please."

The three men soon returned to the reception room, for Hike had not known them. They had come too late. Carroll had asked that the attending physician talk with them; and presently he appeared.

Dr. Greenbaum was a small, thin man, quick of movement and speech. His dark hair was clipped very short and stood up stiffly. His features were almost delicate and he wore fine gold spectacles which accentuated this quality in them.

"I'm Mr. Carroll," said Carroll, "and these gentlemen are Mr. Sloan and Mr. Meiner. We are friends of Mr. Hike."

"And his business associates," said Sloan.

The doctor bowed courteously. "I see. Then may I be of service?" He sat down as if he understood that he could be of service.

"Yes. We wanted to know something more of the case," Carroll explained. "We're somewhat at a loss. Everything has happened so quickly."

"We didn't know he was even sick," said Sloan. "We thought he was in Iowa."

Meiner was aggravated. "No one goes to Iowa with streptococcic," he told Sloan irritably. "My wife's brother had it and in three days he was dead."

Dr. Greenbaum's face remained grave, but his round, black eyes twinkled behind the gold spectacles. "Streptococcus," he corrected Meiner. "Of course you understand these micro-organisms are very difficult to combat, especially when the infection is in a vital place. I have learned that Mr. Hike had a habit of rubbing his nose with his index

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finger, every few moments. If we had got him sooner we might have been more successful."

Carroll gave a slight start. "My God!" he exclaimed, "Pete did say he had a pain in his head when we were playing golf Saturday. He said he had had a dull headache for two or three days. But he didn't think much about it. I believe he thought it was indigestion — or something. Why didn't I tell him to see a doctor?"

The doctor smiled for the first time: an expression which showed he understood Carroll's feeling. "The trouble became serious before last Saturday."

But Carroll was not consoled. He looked as a man who has realized suddenly that he is in part responsible for a tragedy.

Meiner leaned forward, his face paled. "Then there is no chance for him?"

"I am afraid not," Dr. Greenbaum answered. He stood up and bowed politely. "You will have to excuse me. I must return."

"Wait." Carroll's voice contained a pleading note. "Would you object if we called another physician for a consultation? You know, we only want to feel that we have done everything possible."

"Certainly not," Dr. Greenbaum replied promptly. "I should be glad to have you do it."

"Could you recommend a specialist in such things?" Meiner asked. "My wife would probably know." Then he appeared confused.

"I would say that Dr. Sarnecki, Dr. Thaddeus Sarnecki, had made the greatest advancement in combating infection of this type. You may be able to get him, although I don't think he makes calls as a rule." The doctor walked away with short, quick steps.

Carroll went at once to a telephone booth in a small alcove off the reception room. When he came out he was wiping perspiration from his round face.

"He's coming," he said to Sloan and Meiner. "It will take him an hour to get here. I'm going outside."

IT WAS growing dusk. Carroll walked slowly to the corner and turned into a street which ran over a low hill. The hospital was located in a residential section of modest houses and bungalows, each with a yard about it. The leaves had fallen and the ground was covered with a rustling blanket. It was pleasant walking in the crisp air of the gathering evening, but he was too sad really to enjoy it.

Secretly he was not willing to abandon all hope for Hike, although he had done so in the presence of the others. He simply could not bring himself to the point of believing it! It all had occurred too suddenly! Yet he knew it was true. There he lay in the hospital verging on complete unconsciousness, the streptococcus draining life from him.

"If only the Pole can do something!" he murmured.

Walking, sharp air striking his face, he became calmer and began to consider the turn of events with a clearer mind. Hike's death would mean the completion of a long friendship. He had known him twelve years.

Hike had come to work for the firm a year after the War ended. He

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soon had become valuable as a contact man. They gave him the difficult work of meeting and fraternizing with new and potential customers, for his frank and friendly manner made him likable at once. After a few years he was made the general manager.

Before the War he had been a catcher for Indianapolis. The Cubs bought him, but the War cut short his opportunity to win a permanent place in the Major League. He volunteered at the outset, and eventually was sent to France. Toward the end he was wounded in the shoulder. When he returned he was not able to play ball. His throwing power was destroyed.

They had played golf together once or twice a week for the last four years. Hike was never a good golfer, but he was consistent. Carroll beat him regularly by a few strokes; but their matches were always pleasant and keen. The thought that he would lose the best golfing partner he ever had seemed to hurt him more than anything else at the moment.

"If I could only play him once more — just to let him win!" he said.

He paused on top of the hill. Through the bare trees he could see lighted windows in the hospital below him. They looked cheerful and inviting.

"But what tragedy and suffering is behind them!" he breathed with apprehension. Behind one of those windows Hike was dying.

He pictured Mrs. Hike sitting beside her husband's bed, and his throat tightened. He was not willing to believe everything detrimental he heard about her. But her absolute calmness aroused a feeling that she was calloused and cold! And she didn't look as if she were suffering.

"Perhaps," he thought, "she is one of the rare type of women who always keep hidden and secret their true emotions."

He started down the hill at the next corner, having gone around the square, his thoughts dwelling on husbands and wives. He really knew little about either for he was handicapped by the fact that he had never married, and in this particular case he was ignorant of specific details. Hike had never talked about his wife, except to mention her casually in the course of conversation. If he was unhappy, if there was trouble, Carroll did not know it. He recalled that only once in his presence had Hike spoken of Mrs. Hike in an angry tone.

The incident had taken place on an afternoon in the previous summer while they were playing golf. Hike and his wife were to leave within a few days on a vacation. Mrs. Hike had bought twelve new dresses to wear on the trip.

"It makes me sore!" Hike had said. "Twelve new dresses for a two weeks' trip. And we're not going to any swell place. Only a summer resort up in northern Wisconsin."

He had forgotten the balance of the conversation. He remembered, however, that Hike drove three balls into a pond from the next tee.

"But she must care for him!" he told himself. "A woman as attractive and refined-looking as she could do —" He was going to say "better," but he said instead, "They've been married eight or nine years. Why would a woman live

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with a man that long if she didn't think well of him? They have no children."

Once more he decided the question was incidental, unessential. Mrs. Hike's nature, her habits, character or actions were of no consequence in the matter of saving Hike's life. And neither was it a time for condemning nor praising her — when his friend was dying.

MRS. HIKE came through the reception room on her way out shortly after Carroll had returned from his walk. The aggravating and incomprehensible smile played about her mouth as she spoke to the men. They rose to stand before their chairs.

"I'm going for a sandwich and coffee. Would any of you care to accompany me?" she said.

Meiner suggested immediately, "Couldn't we bring it to you, Mrs. Hike?"

"No, thank you. I prefer to go out." The smile vanished. She looked at the men as if she expected them to step forward, but none of them moved, and her expression changed to one bordering on hauteur. She lifted her head slightly. "Oh, very well."

Sloan spoke in his blunt tone. "I think we ought to stay here — close. I don't feel like eating, anyway."

"Perhaps I do," she said coldly, and started away.

"Mrs. Hike," said Carroll quickly. She stopped and turned to look at him steadily. "We haven't had a chance to tell you that we've summoned a specialist. He should be here soon."

"What for?" she asked so calmly that Carroll started.

"Why — why," he began in utter confusion. Then he straightened himself. His round face hardened. "Surely you haven't any objections to us doing everything we can."

She took a quick step toward the men, the muscles of her face contracted in an expression of extreme reproachfulness. "You should have consulted me! I'd like you, all of you, to mind your own business."

Sloan's astonishment suddenly turned to anger he could not master. "We did it for Pete," he said vehemently. "Why should you care if ten doctors come, if they help him?"

As if Sloan's wrath had been reflected in her, destroying her own self-control, she retorted almost viciously. "That's my business, not yours. Who is paying these bills, you or me?"

"I am!" Sloan cried. "I will!"

Carroll took his arm. "Wait!" He swallowed with difficulty before he spoke again, wiping his brow with a quick motion of his hand. "The firm, Mrs. Hike, the firm will pay all the expenses if you wish.

"Certainly, certainly," said Meiner in an unsteady voice. "We will be glad to do it!"

Her eyes moved slowly from the face of one man to the other. Then suddenly, with very straight shoulders and even steps, she walked across the reception room and went outside.

Before she had returned Hike died.

The nurse with the youthful face came to tell the men.

"Mr. Hike has passed away," she said, her voice revealing only slightly the hardship of her duty. "Dr. Greenbaum wishes me to tell you that he was in attendance at the time."

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She turned and disappeared, leaving the three men staring at the door through which she had gone.

They remained motionless and silent until Carroll began to cough. Then together they left the hospital.

MRS. HIKE telephoned Carroll the next morning, asking him to come to her apartment. He promised to call at two, but he was detained at the office and it was nearly three when he arrived.

A maid showed him into the living room. He put his coat and hat on a chair, and stood near a window looking down into the street. Presently he turned around and gazed about the room. It was large and pleasant. He could see the furnishings were expensive. Mrs. Hike obviously had taste in interior decorating as well as in clothes.

"Perhaps," he thought, "her taste was too extravagant to be supported by Pete's pocket-book."

Then he was startled by the sudden realization that in all the years he had known Hike he never had been in his home! They had met always at the golf club. They had gone to ball games, to the races, occasionally to a speakeasy they both liked, and to tennis and boxing matches together, but Hike had not once invited him to his home. It had been rather a strange friendship, rife with loyalty, but never going beyond the world of sport which brought to them a mutual pleasure. They had been friends in play, associates in work, and knew nothing of each other's personal or domestic life. Perhaps this was the reason they had remained friends so long!

Now he was to learn something of the other side of Hike's life. There were, no doubt, certain things to be done, affairs to be handled, perhaps untangled. He would be glad to help her, not alone because she was Mrs. Hike, but because such a service would be a final tribute to his old friend.

When she came into the room, he saw at once that she had been weeping and was astonished not a little, for having seen her exhibition of frigidity the previous afternoon he had not expected any display of emotion in her now. If she did not weep when Hike was dying why should she weep after he was dead? She was wearing lounging pyjamas of dark blue silk which were extremely snug about her slender waist. Her hair was done close to her head, running straight back and very smooth as if after much brushing. The style revealed the beauty in her features, bringing out the fact that they were entirely self-sustaining.

Still her voice was calm as she asked his pardon for keeping him waiting.

"But I was an hour late myself," he said apologetically. "I hope I haven't inconvenienced you."

"Not at all. There is no particular hurry about — anything." She seemed to have forgotten her thought before she had finished speaking. She sat down on a divan beside a coffee table, and he took a chair opposite her. "I asked you to come here because I know you were Petee's best friend. He rather — idolized you, I think."

"I had a similar feeling for him," he said somewhat huskily. He coughed. "Pardon me."

She looked at a lacquered box on

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the coffee table and ran a finger over its rounded edge. "I wanted to speak to you about his golf clubs. I'd like you to take them. He would want you to have them, I'm sure. And his guns and fishing tackle." She indicated bookshelves across the room. "He loved adventure stories, you know. There are probably two hundred books here. I'd like you to take them, too, if you have any place for them. Some are expensive. And then there are other things. All his studs, his watch, his luggage, a wardrobe trunk and three bags, and little things like his fountain pens, his golf cups — and so on. I'd like you to take them all, if you will."

"But haven't you any use for some of those things? Don't you want to keep —"

"No," she said, abruptly interrupting him. "I want to get rid of everything personal of his. I've given his clothes to the janitor. He said they would fit him. I thought you might like these other things. I thought you might appreciate them."

"Of course I do," he assured her, appearing somewhat confused.

She twisted her lips slightly as if to prevent a smile and looked steadily at him. "You think I'm terribly cold and hard, don't you?"

His confusion changed to embarrassment. "Well — you see, Mrs. Hike, I frankly don't understand your attitude."

She hesitated. "But I think you could."

"Thank you. I'm sure I could. Please don't think me rude."

She smiled now. "I only think you are very sincere." Her voice was lower. "I respect you because I don't think you a hypocrite nor willing to condemn a person without sufficient cause."

"You are very kind," he said in almost a whisper, wondering if he could believe her.

"I am very truthful," she answered quickly, as if to correct him. "And because you were my husband's best friend, I want you to know certain things and to understand them. There is no other reason. I am only defending my own actions and the attitude which perplexes you. I don't know what Petee told you about us."

His brow wrinkled. He wished she wouldn't say "Petee." It seemed disrespectful. "I don't quite get you. Pete told me nothing. Really, he very seldom mentioned you at all to me."

"Or to anybody else. I can believe that." She looked as if she might be going to laugh, but she did not. "I don't know why I'm telling you all this. As if it mattered."

"But it does," he said a bit desperately. "Don't you see that? I am very much interested — only a bit lost."

"All right. Would it clarify things if I told you that Petee didn't care for me one bit? That I was simply nothing in his life."

"Mrs. Hike!" he gasped. "I can't believe that!"

"It's true nevertheless."

He looked as a man dumbfounded. "But — all these years!"

"Yes," she said somewhat hopelessly, "all these years." Then her face lightened. "But they're ended now." She took a cigarette from the lacquered box and lit it from a lighter. "This lighter was his, too," she said significantly, and as if she

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had read Carroll's thoughts, she continued, "A woman loves a man sometimes for his possibilities, not always for what he actually is. I must have seen a great deal more in Petee than really was there."

They sat in a silence very awkward for Carroll. He could not find suitable words to speak, and he said nothing. She seemed to be staring into the smoke of her cigarette, and glancing at her he thought her radiantly beautiful.

"How could such a woman fail?" he asked himself.

But suddenly she tapped the cigarette out on a small brass tray, and the picture was destroyed. He saw her as he had always known her, attractive, dignified, provokingly calm, and now, a woman understanding life in all its cold realism. He was inclined to believe her, and so to feel sorry for her, but he was not yet ready to lessen in the slightest degree his high opinion of his friend not yet buried.

"Don't think I married Petee for protection or to have a home. I didn't need those things. I married him because I thought him rather — splendid. There were almost two years of what I called happiness. I can see now that it was only a period of readjustment. We were digging trenches for ourselves. When we completed them we crawled in.

"You know how much romance Petee had in him. None. He was a thorough sport and business man. I never complained about that. A woman can live without romance if there are other things equally important for her to cling to. I saw them in him.

"I made him a good home. I gave him everything. He was satisfied, and he paid for it. I'm not extravagant. He could afford everything we have. I have been a good servant."

Her last words seemed to pain him. "Don't put it that way — please."

"Why not? That is the way it was. For eight years, nearly nine, he found his house in order, his clothes in order, his food prepared as he liked it, absolute comfort in every respect, and a woman to love when he wanted her."

"My dear woman, I can tell you Pete was honorable," he said slightly defiantly.

She made a quick motion with her hand as if to dismiss the thought. "You don't have to tell me that. I know it. It was the one thing in him I believe I succeeded in preserving. He had no time for me. You know yourself he never brought any one into his home. He kept me here because I was of service —"

"Oh, wait," he pleaded, but she did not stop.

"— because I was of service to him. But he was respectable. He did not need any one on the outside. He could travel there alone."

"But he must have cared for you," he said as if in an effort to save his tumbling illusions. "You must understand it is hard for me to believe all this. I knew him so well. He was a gentleman."

"Can't a man be that without loving? Even his wife?"

"I guess he can," he replied slowly. "Rather a living death — for you."

"At first I thought so." She looked at him unflinchingly and said very quietly, "I loved him, and he did not know I was on earth."

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He smiled kindly. "Believe me when I tell you I think I understand. I sympathize with both of you."

"It was not your sympathy I wanted. I only wanted you to know these things."

"But I am sorry," he insisted.

"You needn't be." She drew a deep breath. "Then that's all there is for me to tell you," she said with obvious relief. "You'll take those things of his?"

He stood up. "Yes, I'll take them. . . . Now, is there something you wish me to attend to? The funeral or his affairs?"

She shook her head thoughtfully. "I think everything has been done. I made arrangements with the undertaker last night. I'm sending Petee back to New Jersey. He has a married sister there. The family has a plot. I've telegraphed her."

"Yes, I know he had a sister there. I'll be at the depot if you'll tell me the train."

She lit another cigarette, staring at the lighter flame as she exhaled the smoke. "The five o'clock tomorrow afternoon. The undertaker will put the body on."

"I'll be there to see that you get off all right. There may be something —" He turned as if to go and stopped. "The firm's attorney is at your service, you know."

"Thank you. I don't know that any of his affairs are in bad shape. I went to the bank this morning. He had six thousand dollars in bonds and fifteen hundred cash. That was all."

"And his insurance, I suppose."

"He had no insurance."

Carroll gave a slight start. "Why, I know he had Government insurance, his soldier's policy, for ten thousand dollars!"

"Yes. His mother was the beneficiary and she is dead. He never bothered to change it to my name."

Carroll took a step backward. "My God —"

She looked at him, a sad little smile making her face lovely.

He leaned toward her, tense. "Then what will you do?"

"Start where I stopped nine years ago," she answered quietly.

THE three men walked along the line of coaches standing in the great spider web train shed until they came to the baggage car. They stood near the door with grave and concerned faces, appearing very much out of place in such an environment.

Sloan took out his watch. "Four-twenty," he muttered. "They ought to bring it pretty soon."

"I guess this is it," said Meiner.

They turned to watch an electric truck bearing a casket approaching. Two men, one in overalls, the driver, and one in a tidy, dark suit, obviously the undertaker, rode on the truck. When it had stopped beside the car, a second baggage man appeared in the doorway. Carroll stepped forward quickly.

"We'll help you," he told the men.

"Okeh," the driver said. "It's pretty heavy. Must be an expensive one."

"This is the body of Mr. Peter Hike," said the undertaker stiffly.

"We know it," Sloan told him bluntly, and took off his hat. Then the others doffed theirs quickly, the two baggagemen glancing at each other as they dropped their caps.

The six men lifted the casket into

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the car and carried it to one corner. When they emerged Carroll took out his pocketbook and gave each of the baggagemen five dollars. Then he and Meiner and Sloan walked back along the line of cars, stopping just inside the high iron fence to wait for Mrs. Hike. A guard appeared presently and opened the gate. The waiting passengers began to file through.

At five minutes of five the three men compared watches and found them within half a minute of each other.

"Well, she better get here pretty quick if she's going on this train," said Meiner firmly. He glanced at Sloan and Carroll. "Say, you don't suppose —"

"I do," said Sloan harshly. A look of hatred spread over his face. "She's not going. What does she care?"

Meiner swore. "That woman —"

Carroll remained silent, watching the last people passing through the gate.

At five o'clock the guard closed the gate. Mrs. Hike had not appeared. The men watched the train as it crept out of the depot.

Carroll took Sloan and Meiner by the arm as they turned away. "Let's not talk about it at all," he said gently. "It doesn't matter now, and we might not understand. Pete was used to traveling alone, anyway."

Old Pasture

By Frances Frost

No more now does the night-dew fall upon
The drowsy flanks, the clover-fragrant breath
Of cattle moving slowly toward the brink
Of the windy pool and bending their heads to drink
The drowned and shivering stars. The cool, deep notes
Of shaken bells have dwindled and have gone
To farther pastures, and this land remains
Companioned alone by weeds and shaggymanes
And a broken fence that staggers into dawn.

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"Alfalfa Bill"

By Jack Spanner

How can a man with ideas which supposedly were relegated to the scrap heap thirty or forty years ago loom so importantly on the political horizon?

Just over two years ago William H. Murray, sixty years of age and almost penniless, returned to his home in Oklahoma after having spent ten years in some of the wildest and most remote parts of South America. In June, less than three years after his return, he will go, as Governor of Oklahoma and head of the Oklahoma delegation, to the national convention of the Democratic party, an avowed candidate for that party's presidential nomination. Indications are that he will have, as he now has, the enthusiastic support of tens of thousands of distressed and militantly discontented people scattered through the farming regions of the Middle West.

Whether Governor Murray does emerge from the Chicago convention as the standard bearer of the Democratic party or not, he is very likely to play an important, and probably a dramatic, rôle in its deliberations. He has already announced his plans to be a member of the platform committee and has declared that if his ideas on certain issues are not incorporated in the platform written by the committee, he will bring in a minority report and "fight it out on the floor."

Whatever rôle he plays, that rôle will have been made possible by reason of the discontent and often bitter dissatisfaction now rife all through the corn, wheat and cotton States. Whatever claims he has to leadership are based on the appeal his personality, views and record as Governor of Oklahoma have to farmers.

To the country at large, which views Murray through the eyes of feature writers for the metropolitan papers and popular magazines, he is merely another "Sockless Jerry" Simpson, an amusingly picturesque figure. His personal habits, his tastes in food, his addiction to weak, black coffee and his own estimates of his own learning, integrity and intelligence have been widely publicized by writers who see in a sixty-two-year-old governor who defies United States courts, calls out and bivouacs with the State militia and stands on his head when he "takes the notion," a challenge to their ability to depict personalities.

But it is only in relation to the

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present plight and state of mind of hundreds of thousands of farmers that Murray's immense popularity and possible strength in national politics can be understood. Any one who comes in contact with farmers in the Middle West must be struck by the parallel their present economic condition and mentality furnish with the economic condition and mentality of the farmers of the same regions during the late 'Seventies and early 'Eighties. Allan Nevins, author of *The Emergence of Modern America*, writing of that period says: "Intelligent farmers knew that one cause of their hardships lay in the simple fact that they were producing more wheat, corn and pork than the world would consume at a profitable price; but they also saw other causes rooted in private and corporate injustice. These were the extortions practiced by middlemen, the abuses resulting from the disturbed currency and the iniquitous tariff and the injustices of an unfair and unscientific tax system." Nevins' picture could stand, with but few minor changes, as a portrait of the minds of hundreds of thousands of farmers today.

As yet these conditions have not produced "an exasperation which [is] explosive." But the slogans, the appeals, the arguments, the battle cries which were heard before and during the days of Populism are again ringing across the prairies and being cheered as "the old time religion." Any speaker who talks about higher prices for farm products, lower taxes, less expense in government, "cheap money" or "money reform" and "curbing the power of wealth, the corporations and the courts" is certain of an eager hearing.

Agitators and organizers who have gone out among the farmers to mold this discontent and eagerness to embrace "the old time religion" into organized political power have found the farmers "too broke to join up." These agitators and organizers have also found a deep antipathy to, and suspicion of, almost every manifestation of modern industrial-urban civilization. They see, however dimly, that the long familiar, fairly satisfying way of life they knew is doomed. A thousand influences reach out from the cities to touch and alter their old habits and routines. At the same time their economic condition has grown worse. The results of social trends, long the subject of discussion among historians and students, are being felt by them as facts.

Lacking the wherewithal to finance proposed reform organizations, these people have enthusiastically followed the career of Murray. They have recognized in his dramatic and vigorous conduct and his forthright utterances a sympathy with their own anti-urban point of view, a faith in and a desire to return to "the good old days."

They could not be expected to see that Murray is peculiarly fitted to view present-day problems in the light of indictments drawn and remedies proposed in the later part of the last century when, under the banner of Populism, "the last mortal struggle between agrarianism and capitalism" was being waged. Murray has, by a series of accidents of residence and activity, kept himself outside any typically American environment which might have conditioned his thinking on politics, government and social problems.

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BEFORE statehood, Oklahoma was divided into two separate territories "as unlike as any two regions well could be." The eastern half of what is now the State of Oklahoma was Indian Territory, made up of five little Indian republics, each under its own laws and constitution. Oklahoma Territory, roughly the western half of the present State, was settled by homesteading pioneers who, between 1889 and 1907, built a community which was largely agricultural. Outside the towns and few cities, the population was almost wholly made up of farmers living on their 160 acres of land. On the whole, except for greater poverty, life in Oklahoma Territory was not unlike that in Kansas, Nebraska and other Western farming States.

It was in Indian Territory, at Tishomingo, capital of the Chickasaw Indian Nation, that Murray settled when he came from Texas in 1898 as a young man of twenty-nine. In Tishomingo Murray became attorney for the Chickasaw legislature and it was his job to draft the laws proposed for passage by the legislature. Later he was employed as attorney by Douglas H. Johnston, Governor of the Chickasaw Nation. As legal adviser to the Governor of the Indian republic, Murray drew up all the briefs in the Governor's contests with Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock who, under the terms of treaties with the Chickasaws, was vested with certain veto powers as regards legislation passed by the Indian Nations. When Murray married a niece of Governor Johnston he became a Chickasaw citizen and was enabled to practise law before the tribal courts.

As a Chickasaw citizen and resident of a little Indian Territory town, Murray was isolated from the social unrest, the eager intellectual ferment that was then making itself felt all through the Mississippi Valley. His work as an attorney, and the record seems to indicate he was a good one, kept him busy with questions of jurisdiction and sovereignty as between Government and government. While America, and particularly Middle Western America, was in the grip of what Mark Sullivan describes as a "mood of irritation"; while farmers, laborers, small business men and ordinary citizens were thinking, talking and wondering how something could be done about "the Invisible Government, the Money Interests, the Gold Bugs, Wall Street, the Trusts," Murray was deep in the business of protecting the rights and prerogatives of the Chickasaw Nation against the encroachments of a Federal bureaucracy. The status of the Indian republic was, supposedly, definitely fixed in laws, treaties, agreements and written constitutions. White adventurers and fortune seekers who went into Indian Territory to enrich themselves by exploiting the rich natural resources were pressing the Federal Government to wipe away the hindrances set up by the Indian Nations intent on preserving their ancient tribal ways. But defense against such encroachments could be found by diligent search through the body of written legislation — much of which had been intended to continue in force "as long as the grass grows and the water flows."

Governor Murray recognizes that the years he spent as attorney for the

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Chickasaws were, intellectually, the formative years of his life. He has told at least one interviewer that his lifelong mental habits, his thought patterns, were largely molded during his employment by Governor Johnston.

In 1903, after he had acquired a grant of land by reason of his Chickasaw citizenship, "Murray retired from law practice to his farm and ranch where" (to quote an admiring biographer) "for a period of four years he studied 'Constitutional Governments of Republics — Ancient and Modern.'" Murray later said he saw that statehood must come and retired in order that he might prepare to play a rôle in drafting the coming State's charter.

Meanwhile, Oklahoma Territory, unlike Indian Territory, was not only feeling and being affected by the mood of the Middle West, it was in many ways a focal point for social unrest. The successive "openings" of Oklahoma lands to settlement had attracted tens of thousands of people. It was inevitable that the opening of this new country should constitute to many restless souls a promise and an invitation to go forth and help build a land which would be socially and politically nearer their hearts' desire. Many of the people who had taken part in the social movements of the 'Seventies and 'Eighties in the older States again "went West."

During the same period strikes and lockouts were numerous. "Ringleaders" and active participants in these strikes were in many cases blacklisted. Numbers of them came to Oklahoma Territory to "take up land." Even today all through the western part of Oklahoma "old timers" can be found who are proud to claim they participated in industrial disputes which helped make American labor history. Scattered among "Pops" and the victims of industrial warfare was a small, but very active, Socialist element.

Here, certainly, was a large leaven of persons who had at least one thing — some a vague, others a definite class consciousness — in common. Most of the settlers seem to have been "god-awful poor." In his report for 1891 to the Secretary of the Interior, the first Territorial Governor, George W. Steele, speaks of the "lack of means in the hands of the settlers" which compelled him to appeal to the railroads to sell $20,000 worth of seed wheat on credit.

The report of the Territorial Governor for 1898 makes it plain that poverty continued when it speaks of settlers "who came into a new and unknown country . . . in most instances with such few possessions as could be loaded with his family in a single wagon and what cash he had was in his pants pocket." The same report speaks of the time "when his [the homesteader's] home was a dugout or a cottonwood shack, when his family were in rags, when his farm was unproductive, when his future was anything but bright."

The growing Populist vote (in elections for Territorial Delegate to Congress) between 1890 and 1896, after which the Populists merged with the Democrats, may give an index of the effect of the "left wing" leaven at work in conjunction with poverty. In 1890, the first election, the Populists' candidate polled 16.6 per cent of the vote; in 1892, 28.6 per cent; in 1894, 32.9 per cent; in

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1896, 51.1 per cent of the vote went to the Populists and their man went to Congress.

This militant leftward movement in Oklahoma continued past the turn of the century and gathering increasing strength made itself vividly felt when the constitutional convention, composed of delegates from the two Territories, met in 1906 at Guthrie to write the State's political charter. "That document became," according to R. M. McClintock, Oklahoma capitol correspondent of the Tulsa *Tribune*, "a strange conglomeration of enlightened progressivism and of a series of checks upon legislative action outworn even then. Oklahoma was to be the model State of the Union politically. The toiling farmer and the underpaid working man were to find in Oklahoma their Utopia."

The organized labor and agrarian movement jointly sponsored, and put force behind the sponsorship of, most of the liberal and Bryanesque features of that document. The organized farmers and the labor unions called a convention for Shawnee, Oklahoma Territory, where they drafted a platform covering those provisions they wanted in the proposed constitution. The whole weight of the numerous organizations represented there was thrown behind the campaign to see that the convention demands were met at Guthrie.

Several of the Shawnee convention demands had been made fifteen years before when, in 1891, the first convention of the Populist party wrote its platform. Like the Populists, the Shawnee delegates demanded the Australian (secret) ballot, the eight-hour day on all public works and, most "radical" of all, the initiative and referendum. The Shawnee convention also demanded the mandatory primary, a declaration in the contemplated constitution permitting the State to engage in any industry, provision that the civil law should always be supreme over the military and numerous elective minor executive officers and commissions. A number of prohibitive demands were also made.

When the constitutional convention met it acceded to almost all the demands of the organized farmers and workers. Only two of their positive demands, those for free textbooks and a tax commission, were lost when the constitution was finally written.

Since his 1930 campaign for the governorship, Murray has posed as one of the founding fathers of the liberalism and progressivism which has marked the political history of Oklahoma and the attitude of her people. Weighed down by the cares of office and the concerns incident to his campaign to land the Democratic nomination, he apparently has not realized that during the formative years of his life he was almost wholly outside the sweep and play of those forces which gave rise, strength and meaning to what Oklahoma calls "political liberalism."

Those Oklahomans who call themselves "the real radicals" declare that as president of the Guthrie constitutional convention Murray opposed most of the demands made by the organized farmers and workers. These stories concerning Murray's opposition to the liberalism of 1906 are made with the heat which marks most political discussion in

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Oklahoma. But color is lent to the charge that Murray was not in sympathy with the farmer-labor demands when the constitution finally drafted by the Guthrie convention is compared with an earlier constitution, in the drafting of which Murray played an important part.

In 1905 Murray emerged from his retirement to take part, as a representative of the Chickasaw Nation, in the deliberations of a convention held in Muskogee where a constitution was drafted for the proposed State of Sequoyah. This State was to have included only Indian Territory since there was considerable objection there to admission with Oklahoma Territory under the "single statehood" plan. The constitution drawn up at Muskogee did not include a number of provisions later demanded by the Shawnee convention and written into the Oklahoma charter. Mandatory primaries and the initiative and referendum were the two most important liberal provisions not included in the Sequoyah constitution. The Sequoyah constitution also vested far more power in the Governor than does that of Oklahoma; for instance the Oklahoma constitution provides for twelve elective executives, the Sequoyah constitution for but six.

As speaker of the first legislature, Murray incurred the wrath of the trades unions and when, in 1910, he was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor, the State federation of labor adopted a resolution declaring him "unfair to all union members" and the federation pledged its efforts "to defeat him for any political office he might seek." (This action was rescinded by the 1930 convention of the State federation which endorsed his candidacy.)

After serving as speaker of the first legislature, running and being defeated for the Democratic nomination for Governor in 1910 (a defeat to which labor opposition contributed), Murray was elected to Congress in 1912 and again in 1914. During his four years in Washington, his eccentricities seem to have attracted more attention than his statesmanship. He was defeated for renomination when he returned from Washington and, in his campaign, preached preparedness for war. He insisted that America would enter the War, and urged that provision be made for that eventuality. In 1918 he was again defeated for the Democratic nomination for Governor.

In April, 1919, he went to South America, where he spent five years in travel. He returned to Oklahoma in 1923, organized a colonizing venture to settle on a concession he had obtained in the interior of Bolivia and in 1924, leading a band of twenty-five families, returned to South America. The colony soon failed but Murray continued on in Bolivia until August, 1929.

During those ten years Murray was again on a frontier, again isolated from whatever effects the experience and witnessing of great social changes might have had on his thinking. Murray had preached that America would enter the War; but he was not present to see the effects of that participation.

He left America in a year marked by social and industrial restlessness such as had not existed since the early 'Nineties. During that year there were 1,561 industrial disputes

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involving 4,160,348 strikers; these included 400,000 coal miners, 350,000 steel workers, 1,100 members of the Boston police force. In Seattle a general strike which lasted five days tied up the city. The Non-Partisan League was getting into its stride, marshaling tens of thousands of farmers of the Northwest under its banner. Attempts were being made to organize a national farmer-labor party. One of the several communist parties was advocating that "the workers" organize into military units and learn how to handle arms. In the liberal weeklies, intellectuals and radicals of the calibre of Harold Laski, Herbert Croly and Thorstein Veblen were discussing the possibilities of revolution.

He arrived home two months before the stock market crash of October, 1929, signaled the beginnings of depression. Intellectuals were now discussing humanism and wondering if the philosopher scientists could help them find new values in life. Such radicals as had not turned to writing advertising were busy trying to adjust their theories to the latest aspects of "the new capitalism." U. S. Steel was selling around 250 and A. T. & T. was either pushing, or had already pushed, itself past the 300 mark.

Within six months of his return home, Murray was out in the rural sections of the State actively campaigning for the governorship. His platform was not distinguished for originality of thought nor did he stress unusual issues. In announcing his candidacy he promised lower taxes, "adherence to the constitution," construction of good roads, consideration of the problem of old age pensions, an economical administration and restraints on public utility corporations.

Before he went to South America in 1924, Murray had declared: "Democracy in the United States is going fast." In 1930 he was insisting: "In another seventy-five years democracy will be dead." Politicians smiled at his predictions and his candidacy. Murray "has had his day" they insisted. But he was fortunate enough to have as his chief opponent a politically inexperienced oil millionaire who had graduated from the University of Oklahoma. The millions and education of his rival and economic conditions "out at the grass roots" combined to assure his nomination and election.

As Governor he first attracted attention by his slam-bang, fiery denunciations of legislator opponents. Then his spectacular use of the State militia to open two free bridges over the Red River into Texas, and his declaration of martial law in the Oklahoma oil fields in his campaign for "one dollar crude oil," put his name in front page headlines and landed his pictures in the rotogravure sections.

Friends seized on national publicity as an excuse to "mention his name" as a presidential possibility. The same sort of smiles that had greeted the announcement of his candidacy for the governorship of Oklahoma now greeted mention of his higher aspiration. But by September such competent political commentators as Mark Sullivan and Raymond Clapper, Washington correspondent of United Press, were "seeing something in" his boom. Sullivan said that "persons entirely

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competent" to form political judgments "consider it likely he will be one of the most potent figures in the convention." Clapper pointed out: "Until recently Murray has been regarded with slightly amused tolerance in such sedate political centres as Washington. But he is being taken more seriously now."

MURRAY is like most politicians in that he has never stated (and probably never enunciated in his own mind) his political views in terms of philosophic doctrine unrelated to the immediate problems with which he has had to deal, the immediate issues he has had to face. Self-educated, the "fundamental principles" he invokes to justify his official acts, and illuminate his choice of, and position on, issues are appeals to his personal experience.

Vernon Louis Parrington in *The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America* describes the years from 1903 to the opening of the War as "a distinctive period — a time of extraordinary ferment, when America was seeking to adjust her ideals and institutions to a revolutionary economic order that had come upon her . . . underneath, an intellectual revolution was in progress, setting steadily toward a new social philosophy." There was "a growing conviction . . . that power is economic in origin and that those who control the economics *will* control the Government . . . henceforth the struggle is to be between organized groups for the control of the State."

In his choice of national issues on which to base his campaign Murray seems strangely untouched by the "intellectual revolution," the "growing convictions" mentioned by Parrington. His speeches in support of his "Scotch bank" scheme for the reform of currency, his determination to demand from the convention of his party a declaration against what he calls "the abuse of the injunctive powers of inferior Federal courts" do reveal the dependence of his mind on the things he learned years ago while attorney for the Chickasaw Nation.

During his battle to open the free bridges over the Red River, an injunction was issued by a Federal district court "to protect" operators of adjacent toll bridges. Since then Murray has considered injunctions a national issue. "We must," he has declared, "wipe out the twilight zone of government set up by inferior Federal courts behind which corporations and corrupt wealth hide to filch the people. This can be done by asserting the constitutional rights of the States."

Here one can almost see the Murray mind operate. In the back of that mind are memories of a scantily institutionalized, highly fluid pioneer society where it was desirable to establish written and binding constitutions which would guarantee the people against abuses, definitely protect them in "their rights." But at the point where Federal Constitution is supposed to join and over-lap State constitutions "corrupt combinations of wealth and capital" have torn a breach. A reëxamination of the adequacy of political institutions designed to function in "a fluid society in process of settling into static ways" is unnecessary — repair the breach and all will be well.

His advocacy of "the old Scotch system of decentralized banking —

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democracy in banking" as an issue reveals the effects of his political-mindedness on his consideration of economic problems. The issuance of currency is regulated by the Government; in a democracy the will of the electorate should be the final word on governmental policy — therefore, let the people vote.

In his Labor Day speech before the Chicago Federation of Labor, Murray described his "Scotch bank" idea. To correct "prevailing economic errors" and solve the problem of the present depression and avoid future ones, "the foremost thing of importance," he declared, "is to change our policies governing banking and credits so that the users of money shall control the policies of money and credit rather than as now [when] they are controlled by the gamblers in credits and the speculators in money." Under the "Scotch system" independent banks would be permitted to issue currency secured by fifteen per cent of gold and "one dollar's worth of some staple farm product for every seventy-five cents" of paper money emitted. In saying he is not opposed to a centralized banking system but only wants the "Scotch system" as an addition to it, Murray pointed to political organization for illustration. "Balance," he said, "is just as essential in banking and finance as a combination of national power with local self-government is essential for the preservation of our republic. It can neither be all local nor all national. Just so in the banking system" if "prevailing economic errors" are to be avoided.

Economists, "statesmen," intellectuals and "experts" discuss "long range economic planning" or examine the effects of the changes wrought by electric power distribution and transportation on rural America and "a new regionalism which would bring producers and consumers together not in a city market but on their own acres of farmland or rural villages." They write articles on "the glowing promise of planning as a way to the better life." Meanwhile the people on whose behalf these plans and dreams are being developed are unable to pay their current taxes, to meet the interest on their mortgages and debts.

Debt-ridden, depression-harried, they hear the speeches of Murray, read descriptions of his almost uncouth directness; here is a man they can understand, a person they can "get." When "Alfalfa Bill" sneers at higher education, laughs at farm terracing to stop soil erosion as "a fad," speaks of "books . . . written by these fellows that have so much hair on their brains they can't help it," disregards and denounces the views of experts, believes that certain crops will yield best if planted "when the moon is right" (admitting he "doesn't know why" this is so but insisting that it is so), and in season and out warns Oklahoma and America of the fate of "Ancient Persia, Egypt and Rome each [of which], in turn, went down in night never to rise again" he speaks as a veritable prophet of the "old time religion." All challenges to the adequacy of his ideas and leadership in this day of science, machine technology and complex industrialism can be met with the exasperatingly calm reply: "Well, anyway Bill *tries* to do something."

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Deep-Sea Sail

By A. J. Villiers

Not only the glamor but also the actuality of sailing-ships are still with us

I saw a four-masted schooner towing out to sea on Saturday afternoon, from her anchorage in the shadow of the Statute of Liberty. She was setting her sails as she threaded her way through the incoming and the anchored steamers; before she had passed the quarantine station she had dropped her tug. It was almost a shock to see sails spread from a deep-sea commercial vessel in New York harbor.

But there are still sailing-ships, square-rigged as well as fore-and-aft, competing for the sea carriage of the world's goods. Twenty of them, in this year of grace 1932, are sailing from Australian ports to the United Kingdom and Europe with cargoes of Antipodean grain. Four of them sail in the nitrate trade, to Chilean ports. A few carry guano on the Peruvian coast; until recently another still carried passengers in the North Atlantic trade. Twelve of them, through the summer months, carry firewood from northern Baltic ports to London and Hull. Four or five others transport logwood from the West Indies to Marseilles and Le Havre.

How is it that there are still so many sailing-ships? When ten per cent of the world's steamships are laid up for lack of freights, how may sailing-ships find employment? The answer simply is that wind is still the cheapest power available; and while the wind blows there always will be sailing-ships of some kind.

Primitive man, watching the effect of a leaf thrust into a piece of bark borne by a stream, first discovered the power of wind on water-borne objects. His discovery remained unused, except in the roughest way, for many centuries. Men did not trust the sea. They learned to propel themselves with oars in floating objects, and for a thousand years and more the use of such sails as they had always was subservient to the oars. They did not trust sails, not understanding them. They used them only when they had fair winds, and then not over-willingly, not wishing to be blown too far. Was there not a danger of being carried away and swept over the world's edge? Development and understanding were slow. It took two thousand years to develop the perfect sailing-ship — such vessels as the beautiful American clippers, the Scots-built iron

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square-riggers, and then, early this century, those magnificent vessels of the German "P" Line, of Hamburg, which represented the climax of development in deep-water sail.

From the Middle Ages onwards until the Nineteenth Century, there was scant change in the design of ships and little real progress. Progress and change were always vigorously opposed, particularly by interested persons. Now and again a freak vessel arose; but ninety-nine per cent of the ships that floated were cask-like in appearance and sailed like crates. The sea was not connected with speed (and neither, indeed, was the land); if a ship floated and was manageable, that was all that was asked of her. Fat-jowled East Indiamen and bluff, high-sided men-of-war represented the best of maritime design. They were inefficient and slow, but staunch and perfectly seaworthy.

Then some one hit upon the amazing idea that a sharp-lined ship might be both seaworthy and fast — an idea which was promptly scoffed at and ridiculed by all those persons who were satisfied with ships as they were. These representing about ninety-nine per cent of the maritime population, the clipper ship might have had a poor chance if it had not been brought to such a pitch of perfection in America while the other nations, sticking to the old ideas, were left standing still. Others soon followed the American idea, when its practicability and amazing performance were known. The sailing-ship now rapidly advanced, almost ship by ship, until it reached the very climax of perfection. First speed, and speed only; then speed coupled with safety in carrying passengers; then speed plus big cargo capacity and great endurance — power in standing up to the great winds of the Roaring Forties for 6,000 miles at a stretch, and to beat around the Horn; capacity to hold 4,000 and 5,000 tons of cargo. So came those wonder-ships, the Germans *Preussen* and *Potosi*. Five-masted ship and five-masted barque respectively, they carried more than 5,000 tons of cargo each with crews of some two score men, and for many years made long hard voyages out to Chile and back again to Europe, deep-laden both ways, with the speed of average tramp steamers.

But the development was too late. The sailing-ship reached perfection when it was doomed. Steam, hated, scorned, despised, but steadily progressing; improved land transport; the Suez Canal — these dealt deadly blows at the ocean sailing-ship. For many years the die-hards ashore scoffed at steamers and would not send cargoes in them because they were afraid of contamination by the engine oil or the heat of the boilers; nor would they book passages in steamers because they feared the boilers might blow up. (They sometimes did.) They hated the engine vibration, the thudding of the screw, the mechanical feeling of it all.

But the steamer marched steadily on. Always new people are growing up, to take the places of those who are prejudiced. The steamer, last century, found supporters of its own just as the airplane has in this. Railroads across the continent killed the American clippers; it was of little use to boast of passages to 'Frisco in eighty days when the train could

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get you there in six. One by one all the better trades passed from the sailing-ship, and nation after nation gave them up. America was slow, and the development of her merchant marine suffered accordingly. When sail was supreme, America's own ships carried nearly ninety per cent of American goods. By 1870 the figure had dropped to 35.6 per cent. By 1910 it was a mere 8.7. Other nations had passed America with the development of their steamers; Americans turned more and more towards the land.

Then came the War, of course, which altered that.

GREAT BRITAIN steadily gave up sailing-ships, from the middle 'Nineties onwards. Although the last was lost as recently as 1929 (when the four-masted barque *Garthpool* was wrecked on the Cape Verde Islands while outward bound to Australia to load wheat), by 1921 there were few British sailing-ships in commission. There probably would have been none, if it had not been for the War.

The big British sailing-ship lines were bankrupted, or changed to steam. Germans, Norwegians, Italians and Finns bought their ships. The Germans used them for training personnel for their steamships, and found them profitable trade in the carriage of heavy bulk cargoes from awkward, outlandish ports — such as nitrates from waterless Chilean ports and nickel ore from New Caledonia. The Italians rigged them down into barques, cut the royal yards from such masts as they allowed to remain square, gave them names four yards long and ran them on nothing until they were fit to run no longer. The Finns and the Norwegians formed small one-ship companies and made a successful business of sail-owning. Often their small companies included some British capital. They carried small crews in the ships and paid scant wages; but they kept the old names and did not cut the ships down.

It was France which dealt the sailing-ships of other nations their fatal blow. When others had stopped building sailing-ships for deep-sea trade, the French suddenly decided to build a great fleet of them. At St. Nazaire principally, though also at other centres, they set about the production of a mighty armada of barques, four-masted barques and full-rigged ships that was destined to drive other sailing-ships all but off the ocean. The Government subsidized the building, and continued to subsidize the ships when they put to sea. By act of Parliament they were paid a bounty according to the number of miles they sailed; they immediately made every endeavor, on their voyages, to cover as many miles as possible. A French sailing-ship, bound from South Wales to Portland, Oregon, with a cargo of coal, would clear for Hobart in Tasmania first. She would sail ostensibly for "Hobart for orders," although every other sailing-ship clearing the Welsh port at the same time knew where to go and required no "orders." Hobart, in the far south of Tasmania, was the farthest point at which the French ships could touch unless they felt like calling at the Bay of Whales. It was, for years, not at all uncommon to see twelve of them make Hobart in a week, though

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none had any cargo for the port nor any real business there.

Going that way added about $5,000 to the bounty earned. Other ships, receiving no such bounties, could not compete with the French ships in freight wars. With the support of the bounty the French vessels could afford to undercut all competition.

British and American ships went bankrupt in increasing numbers. Some were lost — sometimes suspiciously; sometimes because in the effort to meet the unfair French competition, they were run upon lines of such strict economy that they were unsafe. Underwriters put their insurance rates up. More ships were bankrupted. The Americans were reduced to their own lumber trade, and to carrying fishermen to the salmon-packing works in Alaska. For a while they carried case oil to the East; but then the steam and motor-tankers came, and the big sailers were driven from that trade too.

Then the War — and work for every bottom that would float. Sailing-ships that had been hulked years before were now hurriedly rigged again, and Finns, Norwegians and Swedes who knew how to handle them took them to sea. They made colossal profits for owners who got rid of them in time. Many were destroyed by enemy action; but after a while they were kept strictly out of the war zone. They carried wheat across the Pacific, general cargo from New York to Asutralia and South Africa, railroad sleepers for the Cape Cairo railroad, maize from the River Plate. Ships that had not been worth $10,000 ten years previously now brought $200,000, and showed handsome profits even on that outlay.

After the War there was one boom year — then total, final and absolute collapse. Steam fleets, built up hurriedly to replace losses caused by torpedo and mine, proved altogether too big for the humdrum sea-transport needs of peaceful days. Steamers were laid up all over the world. Freight markets collapsed and never rose again. The sailing-ships that had been given new leases of life were taken into dock, and rigged down once more as hulks. Many lay so long idly at anchor in various ports, that in the end they just sank where they stood. German ships, which had been interned in South American ports during the War, were split among the nations as reparations. The Germans bought the best of them back, and began to build up their trade again, using their sailing-ships as a training ground for officers for the new merchant service they were building.

Thorough as ever, they believed that it was of no use to begin the rebuilding of a merchant service without also beginning to build new men. And the place to build the men they wanted — the best available — was in square-rigged sail. Other nations, looking around at the chaos of the shipping world yet still anxious to preserve their own trade for vessels flying their own flag, paid for with their own nationals' capital, followed Germany's example and adopted sailing-ships for training. Japan, Soviet Russia, Greece, Italy, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Estonia — practically all

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nations except those which should have been most interested, Great Britain and the United States.

Apart from these training-ships (there are now forty-two sail-training ships in the world, and none is either British or American), sail has fared poorly. That four-masted schooner which I chanced to see is one of the last of her class. Times are bad for schooners now, and ports are full of them. There is a port in Maine where twenty lie, and you may have your choice for $5,000. The bigger the schooner the cheaper she is. In Boston, in San Francisco Bay, in Puget Sound, along the Maine coast, the schooners and the barquentines lie, hopelessly tied up, waiting for something to be done with them. A few on the West Coast have been bought into the Hollywood Navy, and have been blown up or sunk to form a sequence for a comic film. No, the schooners have fared even worse than the square-rigged ships, and they would have fared badly if it had not been for the Finns.

AT LEAST, for one Finn. And he is really a Swede. His name is Gustaf Erikson, and he lives in Mariehamn in the Åland Islands — those beautiful Baltic islands which are under the Finnish flag but are Swedish in everything else. This Gustaf Erikson is a sailing-ship master himself. He began his career before the War, with one ship which was lost on her first voyage. Steadily he built up — this is no story of a ship-owner waxing fat through the War, breaking up in the lean times afterwards. Gustaf Erikson made nothing out of the War; he laid the foundation of his fortunes afterwards, when in 1919 the amazingly fortunate four-masted barque *Lawhill* earned $150,000 profit for him on one cargo out of Buenos Aires. The *Lawhill* was built in 1892, and a man who sailed in her in 1903 told me he put a chipping-hammer through one of her plates then. Yet she is still afloat, still in commission, still a wonderful earning power in the Erikson fleet.

With that $150,000 Captain Erikson built up his fleet. He acquired other square-riggers from the Finnish ports where their owners, seeing the continued shipping slump, soon tired of them. He bought from the British, the Norwegians, the Germans, big sailing-ship after big sailing-ship. No other owner on earth was following such a policy. They all thought that he was mad.

But he was not mad. He knew what he was doing; and today he owns almost all the big sailing-ships (apart from the training-ships) in the world. And he *makes them pay*.

This he manages principally because of these factors:

(1) He keeps the ships at sea, hunting for cargoes; he does not lay them up in ports waiting for cargoes to come and hunt for them.

(2) He carries his own insurance risks, and allows for insurance out of his own balance-sheet.

(3) His crews are paid very little; many of them are boys who pay a premium for apprenticeship, which is returned to them as wages. The supply of boys willing to do this is inexhaustible.

(4) There is little depreciation, simply because he bought the ships at their lowest value (in most cases) and the capital invested in them

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can not greatly exceed their fair scrap value.

(5) There is no overhead. Captain Erikson is his own office.

(6) The ships are run in the most economical manner possible, consistent with proper safety.

(7) Finland, like Great Britain, is off the gold standard.

These are the important factors which permit Captain Erikson to run his sailing-ships without the use of red ink in his balance-sheet. It is a one-man show. No one else is interested. He has bought ships to add to the Line out of the profits his existing ships made; he did not borrow from banks. In years when there were no profits, he bought no ships. In 1929 he had eight ships in the Australian grain trade, and four others profitably employed. He then acquired the four-masted barques *Melbourne*, *Viking*, and *Ponape*. The next was a bad year; he bought no ships. Last year was good. He had twelve ships in the Australian grain trade. Their average freight for carrying wheat from Australia to England was $30,000 each. They spent $25,000 each to earn that freight.

He bought the beautiful German four-masted barque *Pamir*, and sent her off to Australia to join the others.

In this year of grace 1932, twenty big sailing-ships are racing round Cape Horn with Australian grain, bound to Falmouth for orders. Fourteen of them are Captain Erikson's. Fourteen big sailing-ships! Ten of them are four-masted barques. It is a shock to most landsmen (and a good many sailors besides) to realize that there are as many as ten four-masted barques still in commission.

But these are all old ships. The youngest of them, the newly acquired *Pamir*, is twenty-six years old. Most of them are over forty and have sailed a hard road all their lives. Very soon some of them will have to be scrapped. Captain Erikson is over sixty; he has one son, who does not follow the same traditions. What will happen to the Line — to sailing-ships — when he goes?

I SHOULD guess that ten years represent the maximum of life before the surviving sailing-ships — probably much less. Only the Australian grain trade now supports those which sail the deep water; if grain prices do not improve, the Australians will not be able to afford chartering even sailing-ships. They make one voyage annually, going out in ballast with sand and stones. There is nothing else to take. Australia has enough sand and stones of its own; but the ships must be ballasted to stand up against the winds.

The logwood business is declining; buyers ask such small lots now that it is increasingly difficult to scrape together sufficient for a full cargo. Steamers can take the small lots, and move on somewhere else to fill the rest of their holds with something else. But the sailing-ship can not afford to be towed around from loading port to loading port. She must load in one port, and sail with her cargo to another. . . . Guano is a drug in the market, for the same reason that Chilean nitrate is — a too easy manufacture of the artificial product, together with a general buying disinclination throughout the world. The Russians have all but

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smashed the Finnish and Swedish firewood business with England. No matter how low the Finns and Swedes may come with their prices, the Russians from Archangel and the Kara Sea will always go lower.

So the firewood barques lie at anchorage in Mariehamn now, in increasing numbers. The logwood barques are laid up in Danish and French ports. The "P" Line of nitrate flyers is being heavily cut down, with the loss of the ship *Pinnas* and the sale of the four-masted barques *Parma* and *Pamir*. Only four four-masted barques remain; unless the general German outlook improves, these will also go. The surviving Atlantic packet, the last of the square-rigged passenger carriers, lies derelict and forlorn beside a New Bedford wharf. *Coriolanus* is her name, and she is fifty-six years old. Famous as a record-holder between the United Kingdom and Calcutta, now she lies a battered and broken wreck. Her fore topmast is gone, and her main t'gallant mast is broken off short. Irish pennants hang untidily from such of her running rigging as is left; the wheel has been forced from its hub and the figure-head has been prized off with an axe. For ten years she has transported Cape Verde Islanders from Praia to the United States, but that trade is stopped. Sixteen months ago she came into New Bedford to go bankrupt. Her sails are used by a local coal merchant for protecting pavements while he delivers coal.

Such few schooners as there are are coasting. There are odd cargoes of coal for them to shift, and granite down from Maine. Even in fishing vessels, sails have been supplanted very largely by engines; the new fishing craft out of Gloucester have stumpy masts, big engine units and electric light.

It seems that sail will not live long now, in competitive transportation. But after ten years of unbroken shipping gloom, the old ships have done well to remain afloat at all. In training they will always be useful; Japan, Italy, Jugo-Slavia, Roumania, Poland and France are either building or have recently launched new sail training-ships. Britain is considering a nation-wide scheme for going back to sail for training purposes, while the State of New York has scrapped its auxiliary sail training-ship and gone over to a big steamer. American boys want to go in sail. Not a week passes but I receive many letters from American boys — and sometimes from girls as well — who wish to serve in any capacity in the *Parma*, in which I have an interest. On the average, I receive about twenty such letters a week. A boy from Milwaukee and a boy from Yale have already left for Australia, to take their chance of shipping in one of the grain-racing windjammers for the voyage to Europe. It is significant that often a boy who wishes to go to sea in sail does not wish to go in steam.

Sail still should have a place on the face of the waters, for there are many bulk cargoes which sailing-ships can transport as efficiently as steamships can, and given an approach to normal times, I do not think that deep-sea sail will die entirely.

But for the survivors — the twenty racing homeward around the Horn — the turning of the tide must come soon.

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The New Intellectual

By William Troy

For more than ten years he has been gazing apathetically into his soul; now he seems ready to act

For some time now one has been aware of a gradual shift of tactics along the intellectual front. That the intelligentsia have become weary, that their shibboleths must seem a little frayed even to themselves, we have long suspected, but we have been no more certain than they as to which direction the intellectual weathervane of the next few years would finally choose to point. Of one thing only we have felt reasonably sure and that is that weariness, being a static state, will hardly be allowed to endure in such an energetic nation as our own — for it is of America in particular that we are speaking. Apathy is not a part of our national character. If the intellectuals have fallen into an apathetic state, all the habits and traditions of our country are in favor of their doing something about it without delay. The question of what precisely they are going to do about it, or at least one large section of them, has quite recently approached closer to an answer.

The 'Twenties perished amid a carnage of dead enthusiasms, mutilated ideals and exploded loyalties; the 'Twenties are being buried with little pomp and slight evidence of respect by the still younger generation that has arrived soberly on the scene. Disappointment, satiety and chaos — these are the heritage with which the new generation has been left. One is reminded of Dryden's fine lines on a similar occasion:

> All, all of a piece throughout!
> Thy Chase had a Beast in View;
> Thy Wars brought nothing about;
> Thy Lovers were all untrue.
> 'Tis well an Old Age is out,
> And time to begin a New.

Bohemianism as a cult is at present so dead that it has become a theme for those poets and writers who are peculiarly affected by the nostalgia of the past. Greenwich Village in the spring is little more than a memory in the minds of middle-aged poets (and poetesses) now teaching Milton to reluctant sophomores in the State universities, or running for Congress in their home district, or tilling the soil in Tennessee. Romany Marie's in the Village is but a pallid replica of its old self; Chicago's Dill Pickle has shut its doors these many years; and one hears less and less of that earnest attempt to resuscitate the vanished

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Bohemian glory of old New Orleans. For a whole season recently there was a "To Let" sign outside the old Provincetown Theatre in New York, once the Æolian cave of the many brisk winds that enlivened the American theatre in the early days of "Doc" Cook, Eugene O'Neill and Susan Glaspell. The Provincetown has taken on an interest almost entirely historical, as have also the ideals for which it stood, and most of the people for whom it was once a sanctuary. The huge rusty padlock, so often clamped over its door these days, is a grim symbol of what has happened to one whole generation of cultural endeavor in America.

For the deeper reasons behind this fairly early demise of a movement which promised so much, one would have to examine the whole complex background of ideas to which it sought to give expression. But it is perhaps sufficient to recall to mind what was its single and most abiding characteristic, its total and almost unparalleled addiction to intellectual and emotional self-analysis. While such a distinction is made in the nature of the analysis, the distinction was actually seldom observed. The intellectual and the emotional were all too rarely separated, and the intellectual result was more often than not a product of the emotional desire. Certainly in their own scheme of values the members of this generation left no doubt as to which of the two processes they considered the more important. The emotions, so to speak, had only just been discovered; they offered something of the risk and fascination of a new cause; and by a quite natural progression they came in time to be glorified for their own sake. Perhaps it would be simplest to say of this generation that it was inclined to endow its emotions with an importance that caused it to ignore pretty much everything else besides them. Beginning as an age of emotional stock-taking, developing into one of emotional advertisement and glorification, the period ended in what for a time appeared to be an almost complete paralysis of intellectual and emotional powers alike.

II

UNDOUBTEDLY, the spread of what used to be called the New Psychology was most responsible for the orgy of introspection in which the period culminated. To Freud more than any one else belongs the honor for having ushered in the nightmarish era of phobias, manias, neuroses and unimpeded "self-expression." Psychoanalysis owed its advantage to being a technique so elastic that it could be applied to almost everything in sight — from one's preference for certain kinds of scenery to one's neighbor's bad boy. It was a kind of handy tool around the intellectual house, a tool with which one could pry open the most curious old doors, lift off the lids of the most fabulous treasure chests of the mental interior. As long as it was able to provide a constantly new series of shocks, discoveries and odd sensations along the spine, it was an unsurpassed instrument of enlightenment. Only gradually did it come to be recognized that it was perhaps after all no more than a tool, a method or a technique, and not an adequate system of values on which to erect a workable scheme of individual or social living. While it had a

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great deal to do with life, it seemed to have little or nothing to do with living, or with those problems which are called forth by the necessities of human conduct.

Not only psychoanalysis but other influences as well gave the last generation its special passion for introspection. Although the doctrines of Henri Bergson were familiar only to the more professional students of philosophy, their part in determining the mental direction of our time was considerable. Here was a philosophy which frankly discarded the claims of the scientific intellect, which placed intuition above all other modes of perception, and which tended to undermine human action at its very source in the will. If the Bergsonian conception of time as the flux of consciousness came largely through fiction and other fields, its effect was only the more insidious and profound. It came, for example, in an only slightly disguised form, in the cyclic theory of history expounded by the German philosopher-historian, Oswald Spengler. History, for this writer, was an essentially irrational sequence of events, swung along in the flux of time and wholly unaffected in its course by individual will or effort. This was a view that was thoroughly absorbed in the minds of a great many people who had never seen or even heard of Herr Spengler's two fat volumes. Today we can realize that these volumes found such an eager world audience because the passive view of history which they embodied was especially welcome to a civilization that was tending to lose all desire for action along with its belief in its validity. Add to all this the tremendous impact on an already disorbited intellectual world of such Gargantuan explorations of the unconscious mind as are offered in the two great literary monuments of Proust and Joyce. Literature has joined hands with psychology and philosophy to escort the modern man into those abysses of his nature where the motion is so rapid that it can only be imagined as a kind of rest, apprehended only through a more or less complete surrender of the conscious mind and will. Nirvana is only just around the corner.

Passivity, as a matter of fact, is the only logical result of self-contemplation carried beyond the point where the immediate demands of living cease to have any more interest or importance. Self-contemplation is the natural enemy of action. To retreat indefinitely into the unconscious world of instincts, sensations and impressions is to renounce everything that is usually included under the name of action. The effect of such a retreat is a gradual forgetfulness not only of the necessity but also of the capacity for action.

Here, however, the retreat to Nirvana is seriously impeded by certain fundamental needs of the human organism as a whole, which refuses to subordinate itself to the mind's intense preoccupation with its own difficulties. Human nature rebels against the state to which so much modern thought has reduced it. Because men are so constructed that they can not do without some exercise of their faculties for overt behavior, because their physical well-being alone depends on some such exercise, the passive state is one which can not be tolerated for long without an oppressive sense of steril-

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ity and confusion. Their instincts, as well as their thoughts, demand expression; their muscular, visceral and glandular systems can not be ignored; and their nerves, too long denied, shrilly insist on the release that comes through action alone. Perhaps it is the last named, the human nervous system, which is the most surely responsible for the current protest against Nirvana.

III

"SELF-YEAST of spirit sours a dull dough," wrote G. M. Hopkins, and thirty-odd years of introspection have only succeeded in making the intellectuals of our time more uncertain of themselves, less satisfied with their condition, and more anxious about their future. The diet of self in which they indulged with such gusto and so much hope of nourishment has ended by surfeiting them.

It is only natural that one of the commonest remedies proposed should be in the nature of a pretty violent antidote. The opposite of groping around among the shapeless monsters of the intellectual underworld is a more open espousal of everyday actualities. The proper reaction to sterility is a renewed thirst for living and a desire for concrete experience. To confusion of any sort the only possible reaction is a reorientation of the will along a single line of directed activity. It is in action, as a matter of fact, in one or another of the various forms of action, that the decade already begun promises to seek its salvation.

If action promises to become the key word of the next few years, it is at the same time a word capable of an extremely wide range of meaning. Any decent religious system, for example, inasmuch as it includes ethics, requires a certain amount of action, as do also to a certain degree such efforts at religious substitutes as Humanism, Gurdjieffism, and other present day cults. Here the word may be taken to refer to one specific kind of action — moral conduct; yet it is action in a quite genuine sense, and the tendency toward a return to traditional standards in religion and philosophy is but further evidence of a fundamental change in direction. It is an evidence of the increasing desire to relate the individual's random impulses to a consistent and meaningful pattern of behavior.

But it is action in a cruder, more obvious and rather more detached sense that we can see in the current movement away from intense introspection toward an absorption in various objective realities outside the individual. It is impossible, for example, not to have remarked the increasing popularity of reading matter distinctly removed from the reader's set of intimate emotional interests. The detective story has never been so flourishing; books of travel and adventure were never so abundant. In poetry, the long narrative has had an unexpected return to favor. The mystery play and the social comedy or farce have all but displaced the depressing naturalistic tragedy which darkened our theatre in the years right after the War. On a distinctly lower level of recreation, game-books of various sorts — anagrams, cross-word puzzles, questionnaires — have afforded relief to a public a little weary of being so often reminded of its psyche.

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In intellectual circles, the whole current of speculation has undergone a remarkable change of tone. Whether or not the current financial depression is responsible, the intelligentsia have lately manifested an unprecedented interest in political and economic questions. Critics of art and literature who were yesterday concerned with the advancement of "significant form" in painting or the exposition of Proustian æsthetics, are now writing articles on Detroit Motors or the Plight of the Proletariat. Now at last it is possible to become absorbed by these matters without losing caste with the intellectual élite. It is no longer considered unintelligent to apply one's intelligence to the problems of practical existence.

Not only in theory but in practice as well our intellectuals are turning to politics as a means of expression. Probably the most spectacular recent example was the columnist Heywood Broun, who ran for Congress in a New York district last fall. The fact that he was defeated does not in the least diminish the importance of his gesture. Many different signs point to a renewed interest in public affairs in our colleges and universities, and therefore to the possibility of the educated class in this country playing some such part in government as the corresponding class in England and other European countries. The challenge offered by Russia to American capitalism has had considerable influence in focusing attention on the groundwork of our political and social systems. The necessity for some point of view in the matter, defensive or otherwise, has been followed by direct action in a number of instances. It has been a cause of anxiety in some quarters that communism has appealed to some of the best minds in such institutions as Harvard, Columbia and the University of Pittsburgh. Undoubtedly the strict communistic discipline attracts these undergraduates as a way out of the perplexing moral and social confusion which attends them upon graduation, as an available course of action with sufficient risk and promise of adventure to match their youthful energies. Almost all of them have betrayed some curiosity about the Russian experiment, several have considered applying for membership in the party in America, and a few have actually booked a third class passage to Leningrad. It is much too early to measure the real importance of this active participation in politics on the part of a large section of the intellectual class; but of one thing we may be quite certain, there has been nothing to compare with it in this country for the last fifty years.

Another symptom is the growth of what may be described as a self-conscious agrarian movement. That Greenwich Village, with its palettes, chisels and fountain pens, has been slowly migrating to the hills of Connecticut and New Jersey, to the mesas of New Mexico and the tobacco fields of Tennessee, is a phenomenon which has already received due attention. There is a difference to be noticed, however, in the motives which determine these reformed children of Nature in our day. It is much too simple to overemphasize the artist's traditional insistence on solitude; many artists, especially writers, require the tempo and gre-

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garious warmth of city life to keep their perceptions properly awake for their work. The chances are that artists will not abandon the benefits of society until social conditions become positively detrimental to their welfare as human beings as well as artists. The present revolt against the city may not be so much a protest against communal living as against the uncertainties of modern life which happen to be peculiarly accentuated in our modern cities. If some of our most distinguished lyrical poets have turned their talents to the cultivation of Martha Washington asparagus or super-vitalized strawberries, the reason is more than likely that they have been suddenly overcome by the necessity of getting their fingers into something as real and uncorrupted as the soil, or re-establishing themselves with old verities of growth and recurrence which have been all but forgotten in our contemporary world. Or it may be nothing more mystical than the quite comprehensible desire of the nervous system to relieve itself by engaging in a very agreeable form of activity.

We have spoken of the great current popularity of travel and adventure books. It would seem at first as if the public were merely taking its usual vicarious pleasure in setting off for remote lands and places which only a few are ever able to visit in the flesh. But the emphasis today is not so much on the interest or strangeness of the places described in these books as on the prodigies of human energy recorded by their authors. Once we were curious to know everything that wanderers had seen and heard on their voyages; now we are chiefly concerned with what they have *done*. Adventure is a very large term indeed and it includes not only the exploits of aviators, polar explorers and deep-sea divers but also the life histories of persons who have been specially favored or buffeted by circumstances — tramps, generals, journalists and lost princesses. In an age when the human will is so rarely allowed to assert itself over destiny or environment, these testaments of will triumphant respond to a deep inner necessity.

But what is also implied by all this is that there has been a distinct renaissance of adventure. One of the consequences of modern invention has been an opening-up of new fields and methods of exploration that is comparable only to the hey-day of the Elizabethans. And those who have availed themselves most of these opportunities have been as a rule a more intellectual class of individuals than ever turned to exploration in the past. The modern adventurer is probably most often a scientist who is using his knowledge for the gratification of his impulses. More fortunate than others, for the scientifically trained their labor is their passion. Inasmuch as one type of modern intellectual has turned with zest to the fields of scientific discovery and exploration, we may say that adventure, the most absorbing of all forms of action, is an eminently contemporary mode of expression.

Another not unrelated tendency is the very recent abandonment of Europe by a large number of those who once resorted to it for that spiritual nourishment which was supposedly not to be had at home. The writers and artists of the post-War

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generation have closed up their French châteaux, said good-bye to the cafés of Paris and Vienna and reconciled themselves to the crudities of our Western continent. In fact, it seems to be these very crudities which have suddenly become so attractive to these former exiles. Europe had been peaceful, charming and comfortable. It had permitted no end of leisure for contemplating one's ego. But after ten years the contemplation of one's ego, as we have seen, has yielded nothing better than a dull sense of confusion and sterility. During the last few years Mexico, with its promise of raw, unformed and highly colorful life, has threatened to rival even France in the favor of the intellectuals. If not Mexico, the West Indies or South America, there are the still beckoning plains and mountains of our own Far West. In one or another of these yet unspoiled regions the newest breed of intellectuals have situated their hope that "out of this nettle, danger, they may pluck this flower, safety."

IV

Action is the invariable reaction to a period of sustained inaction. Action is the readiest available antidote for the pernicious autotoxin that introspection has become for a great many people in our time. But like certain other kinds of antidote its effectiveness may possibly be too temporary to be altogether satisfactory as a remedy.

The special feature of the cult of action as it emerges in our day is its desperation — the fact indeed that it is a cult, a more or less conscious protest against a situation that has become intolerable. In this respect the present is fundamentally different from those periods of the past which we think of as being notably active in the sense in which we have been using the term — the Thirteenth Century in Italy and France, the age of Elizabeth, or the pioneer epoch in America. The difference lies in the hardly deniable truth that in every one of these ages men's actions were an expression of their ideas, sometimes of a whole closely interwoven system of ideas, which in turn usually rested on firm religious foundations. Action was an expression of the mind, not a revolt against the mind, or a way of escaping from the mind. It was the reflection of a solid inner health which was potent enough to generate and control the energies of the body. It was, to use the language of the Church, the outward sign of an inward grace.

It seems hardly possible that any concerted movement toward action can endure for long without some unified system of convictions at its base. Action as a cathartic, or as a kind of spiritual intoxication and release, is understandable only as a form of immediate and temporary relief. It is really valuable only as an absolute symptom that the malady exists and as a means of alleviation until such a time as a more permanent remedy can be effected. To achieve consistency, direction and permanence it must derive its origin from a secure and harmonious faith.

This is not to suggest that the present movement, although obviously motivated by an intense desire for escape, may lead to results wholly devoid of value and benefit to those most concerned. If the modern

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personality is in urgent need of being reconstructed, that end is not to be accomplished by an indefinite contemplation of its present disorder but by a constant and vigorous pursuit of the perennial realities of experience. Before new values of life can be discovered and integrated into a generative system of ideas, life itself must be lived, the enterprise of living must be undertaken with all the zest that can possibly be mustered. For all those whose variously elected careers of action we have considered, salvation — or partial salvation at least — may be found to consist largely in the exhiliration of the quest. The modern intellectual, so troubled about the state and even the existence of his soul, may come to rediscover that soul in his strenuous endeavor to forget it.

Nachtlied

By Gladys M. LaFlamme

Peace moves over me
As a silver wind upon blue waters.
The evening glitter of green things
After rain
Widens my eyes.
The mind gathers white wings
Forgetting
To be wise.
Unfettered by reason's pulseless light,
I yield to this hour withheld for beauty
Gathered from a day's slow journeyings
To the curved breast of night.

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The Gangs of Main Street

By Frank C. Hanighen

Machine gun culture spreads still farther through the land

For a long time the respectable burghers of the towns and smaller cities of the Middle West were shocked by criminal and sanguinary Chicago. Every time that the gang *mitrailleuses* rattled in Cicero or on the near North Side, they held up their hands in horror. They viewed with alarm, they felt grave apprehension and they did a great deal of deploring. Sometimes with a pardonable Mid-Western pride they would assert that poor Chicago was really no worse than Tammany-ridden New York, that the latter was simply clever in covering up its gang feuds.

But on the whole they rather enjoyed the spectacle; it provided them with a vantage post of considerable moral and civic elevation and they did enjoy their little jokes about the situation. They would jocularly quote the cost of "jobs" in Chicago; fifty dollars for a murder, ten for a nice mayhem. That was a few years ago. But today it is different. Their pronouncements are less righteous and their jests have a distinctly local color — for the gangs have come to Main Street.

The insensible process by which these communities have become gang-minded would be a task worthy of a laborious Ph.D. candidate. The sensational press, party politics, bootlegging and local financial conditions all enter into it. Kansas City, Missouri, may not be proud of its gangs, but these gangs are proud of Kansas City. For years their slogan has been "K. C. for K. C. gangsters." Intruders from other cities, agents of alien rackets and cliques have been welcomed with bullets and a number of murders have only been explainable by this situation.

Recently the gang world has rendered a distinct service to the city and the city really owes it a vote of thanks. On December 18, Mrs. Nell Donnelly, the wife of a wealthy Kansas City manufacturer, was kidnapped, taken blindfolded to a house in a remote part of the city and held for ransom. The city was aroused by the crime and the situation was ripe for a general clean-up campaign. So gangland, fearful lest its lucrative bootlegging and gambling rackets be disturbed, entered into the search. They assured the police that the job was a bungling, amateurish effort and that it was either done by outsiders or by some amateurs in the city.

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The police apparently were impressed by these protestations for they permitted gangland to institute its own search for the culprits. Some twenty-five expert members of the newest of professions went through the rendezvous and gathering places and subjected all denizens to a thorough and terrifying questioning. How they found Mrs. Donnelly's abductors has never been revealed by insiders, but that their search was fast and formidable was certain, for it was generally agreed that if the outsiders had not released Mrs. Donnelly promptly, they would have been mowed down by gang guns, this time in defense of the law. How the matter was handled has never been related, but Mrs. Donnelly was set at liberty unharmed without payment of ransom, and the gangs were successful. Quite evidently the gangs in Kansas City exercise a police power themselves.

Farther north by the waters of Minnetonka there are two beautiful cities. A French missionary, Father Hennepin, found the peaceful site of these cities several centuries ago a pleasant place to hunt and fish. Nowadays St. Paul and Minneapolis are great industrial communities with flour mills, elevators, packing plants, creameries and — gangsters. For the crime situation in the Twin Cities is not new; it has recently become ripe — perhaps rotten ripe. Their journalists have long known how to wield such expressions as "put the finger on," "put on the spot," "take for a ride," "mob"; their citizens have got to the stage where "deploring" has given way to resignation. The gangsters themselves have reached the stage where those of them who were incautious enough to be sent up for some of their purely internecine murders are now struggling with Parole Boards.

Thus Abe Gleeman really dates the history of Twin Cities gangdom by applying recently for pardon for a crime committed in 1925. Abe was a member of an alcohol "mob" which had differences with another ring and a member of the other ring was killed. Abe denied that he had done it. He claimed that a killer had been imported from St. Louis to do the job and that he was innocent. Hennepin County is a long way from Cook County but all this has a very familiar sound.

The racketeers in the Twin Cities, however, do not possess that sense of civic duty and professional conservatism that their Kansas City brethren have so worthily manifested. Kidnapping apparently receives more than a mere courtesy listing. Michael F. Kinkead, county attorney, says, "This kidnapping racket has become a terrible thing. A man is no longer safe in his home. It must be stopped and the only way to stop it is to put terror in the hearts of these hoodlums." The manner the law chose of striking terror was to impose a twenty-five year sentence on A. A. Robbins, convicted of participating in a kidnapping. Very good, but while the Minneapolis *Journal* commented editorially with approval of this sentence, I note that the editorial has quite a perfunctory tone and that it is placed in a very minor position on the editorial page.

But these are large cities; they are in the Association League; Greater Twin Cities and Greater

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Kansas City boast close to a half-million inhabitants each. Let us descend to a smaller city, to one that would seem to rate a minor league classification in both baseball and machine-guns. Omaha is a nice little city of about two hundred thousand population. Carl Sandburg has called it "the hog-butcher to the world," but until recently that designation has had no other connotation than the packing industry. For Omaha has long had an excellent record in dealing with crime. Its citizens have commiseratingly smiled at Chicago and especially at Kansas City, which they regard with disturbance as a rival for Carl Sandburg's title. Its police force has dealt well with all itinerant yeggs, pickpockets, cracksmen and confidence men. Its homicide record is one of the lowest in the country, and with the exception of sumptuary laws, Omaha is quite high in law observance.

Of course, in spite of periodical Federal and State Prohibition raids, Omaha remains as wet as most other cities of the country. Omaha has been complacent about that, too, and would have remained so had not one of its best known bootleggers, Gene Livingstone, been mysteriously shot. He died disclaiming any knowledge of his assassin — a disquieting gesture reminiscent of the picturesque figures of the East Side and Chicago slums, not to mention Edward G. Robinson. Omaha was even more disturbed when another bootlegger, Charles Hutter, was badly wounded and confined to the hospital with a strong police guard. After that the feuds were on and bullets flew thick and fast, until Charles Kubik, another prominent member of the profession, was put on the spot and died a most dramatic and typical racketeer death.

The climax was reached when Harry G. Lapidus, a prominent business man who had been identified with law enforcement activities, was found dead, shot in his motor car in a lonely part of the city. Inasmuch as he had been most vociferous for greater Federal enforcement of Prohibition in this section, it was surmised that the gangs had deviated from their custom of confining their homicides to their own feuds and had bade defiance to the "reformers." Police had no good clues to the murder and called in Dan F. Kooken, an investigator for Chicago's "Secret Six." After some research and after all wild surmises had become more considered, it seemed less certain that Lapidus had been killed by gangs; there was much evidence contradicting this theory and it seemed just as likely that he had been killed by "others." At the present writing, the case seems hopelessly confused and tangled.

But the investigation attendant on those cases brought out to Omahans that their city was not divided, as they had believed, socially according to districts and politically according to wards. There was a "north side," a fief of the north side gang, and a south side gang with its own appropriate preserve; and that there were "independents" who were bold enough to defy the two gangs and who naturally suffered the casualties. It was all most depressing and Omaha would have felt like a wicked Ishmael in the pure State of Nebraska were it not for the conduct of Lincoln, the capital of the State.

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On September 17, 1930, the Lincoln National Bank and Trust Company was robbed in the most spectacular manner by a well organized gang of bandits who made off successfully with two and a half million dollars, mostly in securities. The loot was largely non-negotiable paper but included $25,000 in cash and $594,000 in negotiable bonds — this being the current valuation of the securities in those happy days of a high bond market. Two members of the gang were later found in Illinois, brought back, and sent to the penitentiary for long terms. The alleged leader of this raid, Gus Winkler, one of Capone's aids, was captured later, and was then released by the Lincoln Policy on $100,000 bond.

Public opinion in Nebraska cried for stern dealing with the bloodthirsty gang chief, but by this time Lincoln felt slightly different about matters. The wave of bank failures had swept over Nebraska, leaving in its wake the Lincoln National Bank and Trust Company closed and sadly in need of its missing bonds to pay clamoring depositors. County Attorney Max Towle announced that although Winkler declared himself innocent he had volunteered to obtain the return of the bonds through "certain channels" provided he was released.

It seemed a clear-cut case of bargaining with Chicago gangsters at the expense of the law in order to aid a private corporation. The Governor and civic leaders all over the State voiced their indignation over the proposal and demanded that Winkler be brought to trial. Omaha was particularly vociferous, but Lincoln, while righteous, was less intransigent. Soon Mr. Towle, after a trip to Chicago, proclaimed that Winkler had an irreproachable alibi and that he, as an attorney, deemed the gangster chief innocent of the Lincoln charge, which would not be sustained if Winkler stood trial. He added that Mr. Winkler's offer to obtain the return of the bonds still held good.

Soon after, Winkler was released from the charge, the bank officials hurried to Chicago and the bonds were "found" by agents of the "Secret Six" in a suitcase on a dark street corner in Chicago. They were all there, the original value of $594,000 now reduced by the depression to about $300,000, but the bank officials were glad to get them back even at the cost of $100,000 which they said covered "expenses" in recovering them.

Editorial opinion in Nebraska on the affair was either equivocal or cynical, but Governor Bryan was not afraid to declare the case "was one of the blackest pages in the State's history" and that the return of the bonds "had shocked the sensibilities of the people of Nebraska."

PERHAPS the people were more disturbed than shocked. For while the Lincoln barter was an ominous sign, yet it was only one factor in a situation which was really disturbing, and which was not confined to large towns like Omaha and Lincoln. During the "Secret Six" investigations in Omaha, it was disquieting to note that the Chicago expert in his pursuit of gangsters did not confine himself to the alleys and byways of the city. The trails he followed ran out to little towns in the State,

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towns of several hundred or at the most several thousand inhabitants. Little hamlets in eastern Nebraska and western Iowa were visited by police in quest of bloody slayers and accomplices and one of the clues led to Norfolk, Nebraska, a town of about five thousand people.

But it was not Norfolk, but the smaller town of Lemars, Iowa, which furnished the next sensation. Indeed it was not in the little town itself that the crime occurred but on a farm outside of town. There William Lammers, a farmer, was peacefully tending his still on January 10 after he had incautiously let his armed bodyguard go. Several armed men entered, shot him in the stomach and left him for dead. He survived, however, and confessed to police that he had been operating the still in partnership with Sioux City bootleggers.

And so the gangs are emerging in Main Street; emerging, not commencing or coming in from the large cities. For it has long been a commonplace everywhere except in the meetings of the W. C. T. U. that the dry Middle West is dry in name only, that farmers are divided into two classes, those that make liquor for their own use, and those who make it to sell. Neither class, naturally, is interested in the repeal of Prohibition. But now that the organization of liquor rings is more complicated and competition grows more keen, there are killings like the above and the fact appears that there have been gangsters right along on Main Street.

Main Street and its surrounding rural districts are now gang-conscious. Cars with strange county or State licenses are looked on with suspicion, neighbors are beginning to scrutinize each other with distrust and the classic group around the country store stove has something new to discuss. This is the group which, if it does not rule the nation, yet has the power to veto any drastic changes in the Constitution. All the anti-Prohibition societies in the country backed by unlimited funds, can not prevail against its stubborn defense of the Eighteenth Amendment. But once this group watches in its own community the vain efforts to enforce an unenforceable law with all the sanguinary by-products, it may alter its ideas and see the Great Experiment in the same light as the city folks. It may be that this new development is a gang-warfare which will end all gang-warfares.

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Eat and Grow Crazy

By Alicia O'Reardon Overbeck

Is the Fascinating Diet Game, beloved of our modern world, really worth the candle?

Personally I have been unable to play this game, because for years I have lived out of the States, in small mining camps for the most part, where such a thing as a regulated diet is out of the question — staff house cooks are notoriously temperamental, and you eat what they provide or you go hungry and acquire an enemy to boot. But on my occasional bursts into my native land I am always stunned at the amount of dietetic knowledge my otherwise quite ordinary friends have accumulated, and at the vigor with which they put this knowledge into practice.

More than half the people I meet are either on a diet, or talking diet. The alleged "girls" of my old set are all dieting, either to regain a lost figure or to guard a waning one. The distinguished scholar and author, whom I had looked forward to meeting, occupies what might have been a stimulating half hour by a description of his "*absolutely* classical" case of indigestion, and his latest diet stunt — "For breakfast, all the fruit you can eat, and two glasses of milk. For lunch, your starches — plenty of bread and butter and baked potatoes, and vegetables. For dinner your proteins — half a lobster, a steak, a couple of lamb chops. Nothing else, Madam, *positively* nothing else." Well, after all, what more could he have eaten?

The vermin exterminator, poised on my window sill in pursuit of an elusive flying ant, stops to tell me how he is curing his sinus infection by a diet of onions — very evident onions that needed no comment.

My dentist hints at diet — "Cut down on the cereals and the meat; take more fruit, milk, and vegetables."

I go to a banquet given by one of the women's clubs of my home city, and the speaker of the evening, a very beautiful and popular physician, rises and gives a charming talk on how to avoid fat and keep fit by diet. "For breakfast a glass of orange juice, two thin slices of unbuttered toast and a cup of black coffee without sugar. For lunch a light consommé, one slice of lean meat, two tablespoonsful of some vegetable, and a small dish of stewed fruit. For dinner a salad without oil, two slices of dry bread, and a cup of unsugared tea. That's all." The

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speaker raises his right hand in a sort of Fascist salute, and lets it drop to his side impressively. The assembled ladies heave a great sigh of content. I ponder bleakly on the cream soup, the scalloped oysters, the roast chicken and stuffings, the frozen pudding, and the crackers and cheese I have just stowed away, and clutch nervously at my waist line.

Magazine reading reminds me constantly of the importance of vitamins — a matter which during the course of my busy and, I must say, flamboyantly healthy life I had entirely overlooked. I learn that "There are three essential vitamins: C — the antiscorbutic vitamin that helps preserve your teeth; B, the vitamin that stimulates and aids digestion; and vitamin A, often called the infection preventer." Ninety-nine and seven-eighths out of a hundred noted doctors say so. By merely turning the page of the same magazine, I discover vitamin D — the bone builder — and the excellent and indispensable vitamin G. Men who win success, I find, *must* have vitamin C. As providers of punch and pep for the bond salesman and others bound to the wheel of hard labor during these evil days, vitamins B, G and D would seem to be most efficacious. Even the purchase of a simple banana, a fruit which was at one time supposed to throw young children into spasms, is elevated to a high plane of duty to health — "Put their wealth of vitamins, minerals, and substantial food values to work for your family."

The most annoying phase of the Diet Game is that every time I return to civilization, I am confused to find that the rules have been drastically changed. Years ago I retired to the wilderness with two very small children, and, as my only medical guide, a book by one of our leading child's specialists. Manfully I followed directions as set forth on the feeding of the young. I lured my bellowing infants into taking on puréed spinach and carrots, I rammed coddled eggs down their unwilling gullets, and I primed them with beef juice, only to discover on emerging — with two quite robust children in tow — that I had been entirely wrong. A new edition of my medical guide book was out, and the whole food schedule had been shifted. Eggs, my unfailing refuge when other food stuffs were undesirable or not to be had, I learned were very bad for the kidneys, besides being, as the advertisement of a well known product delicately stated, prejudicial to one's social advancement. Beef juice was in the discard, and carrots and spinach had changed their position on the diet schedule — I forget whether the child was started on them at six months or six years. When I was home on leave four years ago, sauer kraut was the thing. One must have sauer kraut in order to rout certain unpleasant germs from one's innards. On my last leave I found sauer kraut completely forgotten — people quite stared at me when I mentioned it. Tomato juice was the thing — the smart ones had made it the fashion, the wise ones had welcomed it. Tomato juice, and only tomato juice, can give you the necessary food values, mineral salts, and vitamins.

But I had to live in Europe for a couple of years to find that we Ameri-

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cans are not alone in this "nutrition-mindedness," if I may borrow the expression from one of our most widely circulated weeklies. Let a gathering of French women, or men for that matter, get loose on their respective symptoms and régimes, and the sky is their limit. The French have a naturalistic turn of mind and a freedom from inhibitions that allow the discussion of data and details almost terrifying to a modest lady who considers intestines rather a private matter. The Swiss, too, dote on a régime, and an evening spent in the saloon of a Swiss *pension*, with the person to your right sipping mint tea while she to your left imbibes a brew of lime buds and flaxseed, leaves you wondering whether, having boldly eaten what came your way over a long period of years, you are abnormal or already dead without knowing it. Even the British slough their reserve and grow warm and matey over a diet. Not long ago, across the luncheon table of a German *speise waggon*, a perfectly strange English gentleman from Singapore gave me an outline of his diet and some facts concerning the workings of his insides — facts so intimate that even now I break into a light perspiration at the thought of them.

This incessant harping on health and diet at last seared its way into my inner consciousness. I took to reading aloud advertisements to my family, and to debating within myself on the authenticity of my apparent well-being. Wasn't it just possible that nerves, and not merely temper, were responsible for that sudden mad desire to strike my partner when he ignored my "come on" spade bid? Was not perhaps general debility and lassitude at the bottom of my disinclination to spring from my couch into an icy bedroom at seven in the morning? Was I really getting as much out of the old machine as could be reasonably expected?

"I think," I confided to my husband, "that I'll start taking yeast."

"Yeast?" He looked startled. "You're not sick — are you? What do you want yeast for?"

"Well," I answered vaguely, "they say yeast is wonderful for you. Sort of tones you up and everything. It's got so many vitamins in it. You know, I don't believe we've ever had the right vitamins. Considering the food we've eaten, it's a wonder we're not dead. I think if we didn't eat so much meat, and took more roughage, and perhaps cut out our cocktail before dinner, we might feel loads better."

"Here, none of that 'we' stuff. I feel perfectly well — in fact, I'm not aware of my health one way or another. And neither are you. The trouble is that you've been listening to your friends cackle about their organs and reading ads. Next thing I know you'll be giving me a glass of orange juice, rich in vitamin C or Z or whatever it is, and expecting me to find a gold mine in the heart of New York City. Yeast! You've been out in the world too long, my lass; it's time for you to be getting back to the woods. Next week I have to go back to Sweden, and you come along with me. I'll show you some people who don't know what diet means, who eat and drink and enjoy life as long as there's a thread left of it, and who keep well at the same time. Yeast!"

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So NEXT week we went to Sweden — not to Stockholm or Skåne or what you might call the gentle parts of Sweden, but way up almost to the top of the North Cape, between the Gulf of Bosnia and the mountains of Norway and close to the Circle. Here, in a small mining camp, I have lived for nearly a year and a half now, and it is the fruits of my observation of the people and their habits that cause me seriously to doubt that the Fascinating Diet Game is worth the candle.

For, as my husband had advised me, Swedes eat with abandon and with a total disregard for what we consider balance. During the long winter, which lasts from September until about the first of June, vegetables are practically unknown — the word "roughage" apparently has no equivalent in Swedish. Strong soups, meat, potatoes, fish, rousing desserts piled high with whipped cream are consumed in vast quantities, and these highly proteinous meals are usually washed down with copious drafts of beer. Yet Swedes as a nation live to a ripe old age, they don't seem to get extraordinarily fat; and best of all, they keep amazingly fit and enjoy themselves thoroughly while they do live.

Simply as evidence of what can be eaten without seeming injury to the human organism, I should like to describe some of the gastronomic feats of the people among whom I live.

Let's start with breakfast.

Does the Swede indulge in "a glass of orange juice, two thin slices of unbuttered toast and a cup of black coffee without sugar"? He does not. On the contrary, he gets under way with a nice big bowl of well cooked oatmeal and cream, crowned with a large dollop of *lingou* (the native cranberry) conserve. Follows a comfortable dish of herring, floating in butter, and potatoes boiled in their jackets. The breakfast herring of Sweden is almost a religious rite. In the community in which I live the housewives each night place their herring to soak as unfailingly as they wind the clock and put out the cat. Probably the Vikings had herring for breakfast; without doubt, when the final trumpet blows, the last Swede will eat his herring and pop off to his particular Valhalla — content. The meal is consummated by a cup or two of coffee and bread and butter and cheese.

This, however, is only a week day breakfast. On Sunday the morning meal is not served until about eleven, and what a meal it is! The *smörgås-bord* — literally bread and butter table, but actually a miniature delicatessen — is loaded with little platters of pickled herring, smoked salmon, wild birds, jellied meats, jerked reindeer meat, ham, stuffed eggs, and several kinds of smoked sausage, as well as hot dishes of shrimp or asparagus omelette, country sausage, devilled kidneys, and fried potatoes. Around the *smörgås-bord*, plate and knife and fork in hand, you are supposed to wander at will, picking at this or that until you have assuaged the first sharp edge of your appetite. Gentlemen usually take a couple of *snaps* and beer with this first course, and even the ladies don't disdain a bottle of Pilsener. Personally I was a little horrified at the thought of beer on an

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empty stomach — heretofore I had been the kind of person who slightly snarled until she got her morning coffee — but once I had cleared my mind of prejudice, I found a nice bottle of beer a very heartening way of starting the day. After the *smörgåsbord* comes beef steak (fried) with plenty of onions, and more fried potatoes; and finally the coffee, with plenty of bread and cheese and crisp gingercakes and rich little sugar cookies.

A Swedish lunch is a comparatively pale affair. Simply the *smörgåsbord*, of which you may eat until your eyes bulge, and one course of meat and potatoes, followed by coffee. Swedish coffee, I should like to mention, is probably the best in the world, and it is drunk without restraint. One woman told me she often drank ten cups a day, and she could see no reason for my startled exclamation.

Dinner is another grand bout of eating, but one must attend a formal dinner party genuinely to appreciate Swedish capacity. The women of the country are really wonderful housekeepers, and I never cease to marvel at the taste and even elegance displayed in this borderland wilderness.

I SHALL always remember my first large dinner party in Sweden.

There were eighteen guests, and the dining room was delightful. The tables were arranged in a horseshoe, with the diners facing a central open space in which bloomed a lovely little garden. In the garden was a tiny house lighted by electricity, and in front of the establishment played a fountain, manned, I suspect, from the kitchen by the children of the host, for at intervals it spurted wildly upwards and rather disconcertingly sprayed the table and the admiring guests. Japanese lanterns hung from the ceiling, flowers filled half a dozen vases, and at each place were gay paper favors, as well as an alarming array of wine glasses — one already filled with that furious, fiery Swedish national beverage, *snaps*.

We found our places, and the host made the speech of welcome — not only in his own language, but, according to the graceful custom of the land, in the tongue of his foreign guests. Then he raised his glass, cried, "*Skål*," and burst into that incomparable drinking song:

"*Helan går, sjung hopp-fal-ral-la, la, la, lej.*
Helan går . . ."

On the *går*, down went every *snaps*, clean and complete, and glasses were loudly clapped on the table with a chorused

". . . *sjung, hopp, fal-le, la, la, lej.*"

Then we started to eat, and after the rather anemic dinner parties of home, where your partner crumbles his bread and whispers about his diabetes, while your neighbor on the other side pushes away his meat and mutters about his high blood pressure, there was something heroic in the way these people stowed their victuals and drink. We had sandwiches — caviare, smoked salmon, cheese, paté — followed by fine, heavy soup, liberally studded with prunes and quarters of apples. Then came a noble shrimp pastry, washed down by white wine. The next course was good stout meat and potatoes and cream gravy, with which we drank red wine. Asparagus garnished with butter beaten to a stiff froth appeared next, and the

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banquet closed on the triumphant note of a splendid glacé, built in the shape of a temple, with waves of spun sugar billowing out around it and cherries and angelica adorning its minarets. Sherry is the dessert wine of Sweden.

When finally the last minaret had been demolished and the last sherry glass emptied, we advanced to the drawing room for coffee and liqueurs and fruit. By this time I had reached the stage of desiring nothing so much as to unbutton something, but my fellow guests seemed quite jaunty and fresh. They drank three or four cups of coffee, sipped their liqueurs, and attacked the fruit with enthusiasm. Before the last piece of fruit disappeared, punch came on, served from a darling little keg with a spigot. Swedish punch is rich and sirupy and heavy with rum, but every one had a glass — indeed, some of the guests ran to three or four. At intervals we danced — none of your idle pacing or your languid swaying or your dulcet gliding, either. Instead we bounded and sortied and galloped, and between rounds returned to our places for refreshments.

Around half past twelve I began to feel it might be well to stop eating.

"Don't you think we'd better be starting home?" I asked my husband. It is so difficult in a foreign country to know just what is correct.

"I don't know. Suppose we wait and see what the others do, although I will say that I feel as though I'd spent the week-end already."

We had not long to wait. Shortly a spirit of restlessness seized on the party. There were conspicuous gaps in the conversation, and the guests milled about, champed at the bit, so to speak, and pawed the dust. They stared at the dining room door, too, and when the hostess threw it open and announced gayly, "*Nattmat*," did any one wait for a second invitation or hang back with a suggestion that this was really too much? Not so. With a common impulse they surged through the door and fell on the spread table with gusty delight. The remnants of ideas on unbuttered toast and unsugared tea and unoiled salad still cluttering my mind, I paled at the sight of that table, loaded as it was with glasses of *snaps* and bottles of beer, stacks of *knäckerbröd*, casseroles of steaming mashed potatoes and herring, dishes of plain boiled potatoes, raw herrings and onions, cheeses of several kinds, broiled ptarmigan — everything that was filling and fattening. However, I paled alone, for the other guests had already seized their plates and were prowling about among the food. Delicate ladies selected large boiled potatoes and copious helpings of herrings, and tucked in with carefree élan; big, strong men dashed off *snaps* and beer and potatoes and huge gobs of cheese. And no one seemed to give a hang about his digestion or his figure.

It was after three when the party broke up. Next morning at the half past eight staff house breakfast, I saw my fellow revelers — not only alive, but brisk and cheerful — peeling their boiled potatoes and boning their buttery herrings as though they hadn't eaten for twenty-four hours.

BESIDES being a mere matter of sustenance, food in Sweden is an institution, on a par with the Crown

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and the Church, and it has its definite creed. Certain things are eaten on certain days and on certain occasions, not only in certain households, but throughout the length and breadth of the land.

"This," said the young man sitting next to me at table, as he lifted a carrot from his bouillon, "this is Tuesday soup."

"You mean," I asked, "that you have this kind of soup here every Tuesday?"

"Not only here" — there was kindly reproach in his voice — "in Sweden. It is Tuesday soup."

So, as Tuesday night is sacred to Tuesday soup, Thursday night is consecrated to pea soup and fat pork, with pancakes and whipped cream as a runner up; and so on through a long list of regulated foods.

On the eleventh of November Martin Luther is honored by the eating of roast goose, preceded by thick soup made of the blood of the fowl and floating with sausage and prunes and bits of apple.

The Yule season is ushered in on the thirteenth of December, when the virgin of the household (if the household is short, one can always be procured in the neighborhood), robed in a long white gown and with lighted candles in her hair, comes singing to your bedside in the early morning and brings you Santa Lucia coffee and rich, sweet cakes.

The pig is the cornerstone of the Christmas celebration, and every family has its Yule ham — gorgeous, immense things seared in golden brown designs and stuck with cloves. Every shop window, too, is filled with delightful, rosy marzipan pigs. Housewives throughout the land bake huge mounds of Christmas *peppar kakor* (gingersnaps), thin almond wafers, short breads, and rich sugar cookies. A special kind of fish is imported from Norway and prepared with almost religious rites. The "System," that wisest and most humanly understanding form of Prohibition, at Yuletide bends to the needs of the people whom it serves, and makes special dispensations whereby every household is amply provided with *snaps* and punch, *glög* and brandy for the long holiday. Indeed, the Christmas season, which extends over quite three weeks, is one long drawn out gastronomic delight.

Lent, called *Fastan* in what I can only think is a playful spirit, marks another bout of delirious eating. From Shrove Tuesday until Easter we revel in fat ham, fried crisp, and brown beans, followed by the heavenly *Fettisdagbullar* — round buns made of sweetened bread, filled with marzipan and whipped cream and eaten with hot milk and cinnamon.

On Annunciation Day — *Marie bebådelsed* — all Sweden eats waffles cooked in the shape of hearts.

In August, when the white nights are beginning to wane and a touch of autumn is in the air, come the *kräftor* feats, where with elaborate ceremonies and many *snaps* the delicious cray fish are eaten.

So the year goes round — one glad whirl of eating. No one seems conscious that the absence of vegetables in his daily diet is depriving him of essential vitamins, that the big hunks of fat he loves so well are clogging his internal workings, that his teeth should fall out and his waistline flare. If these disasters don't actually

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happen, he should worry about what might befall.

Now, if one entire body of people can enjoy the undoubted pleasures of food so comfortably, why, I should like to know, must we go twittering through life afraid to eat this and afraid to eat that because it's bad for us, or eating this or that repulsive muck because it's supposed to be good for us?

During the last decade we have acquired an enormous amount of pseudo-scientific half-knowledge. We read about the human body, and when we get a bellyache, we cock our heads on one side and deliberate whether we have cancer or merely an ulcerated duodenum. We read advertisements and rush forth, veritable Ponce de Leons, in quest of the cereal or the fruit or the butter that will renew our fading youth. We listen to radio talks on how to get lovely and thin, or to acquire a lily complexion, or to double our incomes by eating some particular food, and life is an empty thing until we have not only ourselves started the course prescribed, but have induced a few boon comrades to do likewise.

The Fascinating Game of Diet had, of course, its forerunner in the Peerless Game of Patent Medicines, which, I regret to say, I have lived sufficiently long to remember. In the dim past of my youth leaflets and small pamphlets were always being poked under the door, and I, being a devotee of the written word, never failed to read each one with meticulous care. Usually each piece of literature included a list of diseases you might choose at will — a list that ranged from consumption and pleurisy through female weaknesses and total paralysis to simple eye strain and insect bites. Our immediate ancestors read this junk, picked their complaint, doctored it with the preparation, and felt their health enormously improved.

We laugh at their credulity, the while we read our modern health literature, select our ailment, and proceed to set it right by diet.

Mind you, I am the last person in the world to deny the benefits of diet for definite diseases and where prescribed by a competent physician. Never should I suggest that one suffering with high blood pressure should blow himself to a thick, juicy steak, or that a diabetic should make a beast of himself on white bread spread thick with sugar and applesauce.

But I do contend that most amateur dieters would be infinitely better off if they stopped tinkering with their health — ignored their inefficient colons, forgot their sluggish intestinal tracts, unlearned the alphabet of vitamins, disregarded their waist lines. If instead they would eat naturally and without undue emphasis their three meals a day, at the same time locking the garage door and shaking their legs a bit, they would, I feel sure, be quite as fit, quite as slender, quite as prosperous as under the dietary system. And they'd get lots more fun out of life. For a good meal, eaten at the bidding of a quick appetite, without goading doubts or qualms of conscience, is royal sport.

Science proves it.

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What to Do About the Railroads

By Eugene S. Taliaferro

Under the monopoly conception they have grown to be a national necessity, both as transportation and as a basis for our credit structure. An extension of that conception is the only way out

In almost any discussion having to do with the railroads, contradictions, conflicting policies and opposing opinions immediately make their appearance. The conceptions, thoughts, reasonings and conclusions which should come together in a definite national policy toward the railroad industry are now a tangled skein, some of whose threads have their beginnings in the history of a century gone by. To untangle it to a point of comprehensiveness — to arrive even at a basis for clear thinking — these threads must be traced back to their beginnings to learn of what they are composed.

Mr. F. W. Lehman, then president of the American Bar Association, said in 1909:

> In the statute books which stood upon the shelves of Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson, there were no laws governing private corporations, banks, or insurance companies, for these institutions had no existence in Virginia. Neither were there any laws fixing railroad rates or regulating railroad operations. The common carrier was unknown.

In 1832 there were 106 coach lines which had their terminals in Boston and extended to all parts of Massachusetts and contiguous States. Other cities, particularly Philadelphia and Baltimore, were similar centres of highway transportation.

The post road system in the North Atlantic States was highly developed and well maintained. Sign posts directed the stranger toward his destination, milestones gauged the distance and frequent inns and taverns afforded places for rest and refreshment.

In Pennsylvania, the Line Wagon Company had been formed as a consolidation of wagoners hauling freight upon the Conestoga Road — the name bestowed upon the turnpike between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, over which passed long lines of epic-making Conestoga wagons.

Transportation almost everywhere was an individual matter. The Line Wagon Company was but an indication of the beginnings of a transportation system. There was no need for great organizations; nothing had been developed which required them. The public highway and the post

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road, the Conestoga wagon for freight and the coach with its six horses for passengers was the height of the transportation development. The pack horse and the two-wheel cart continued in use over long distances. Speed was figured in terms of the number of miles *per day*.

Then came the railroads.

Competition between the animal-drawn vehicle and the pack horse on one side and the steam railroad on the other could last but a short time. Presently the wagon companies disbanded, the coaches were laid aside, the wagoners became trainmen or shopmen, the sign posts rotted and fell, milestones were hidden by weeds and mosses and the post road became a romantic thought out of the past.

Then it was found that the railroads had become, and from then on *were transportation itself*. The very word "railroad" becoming a synonym for "transportation."

It is this conception, *that the railroad industry possesses a transportation monopoly*, that is the very fibre from which all conceptions of railroading have been spun. Its permanence and impregnability have been regarded as fundamental. The railroad executives, the financiers and bankers, the shipping and traveling public, the State legislatures and the National Congress have based their policies, actions and enactments upon it. To its acceptance may be laid the responsibility for the fact that the credit of the country's insurance companies, savings banks and similar institutions, is based largely upon the earning power of the rails.

Now, after nearly a century, this conception is attacked as untrue, this seeming permanence is declared a temporary condition, this impregnable economic status is labeled pregnable and relative.

LET us consider first the policies and actions of the railroad executives as they appear down through the years. It is the railroad executives who have at all times led the way. The actions and edicts of the others are but reactions and responses to their acts and utterances.

The executives soon adopted the monopoly conception. Its effect upon them may be considered as a typical example of the stultifying effect of a monopoly upon its conductors or directors, where competition is wholly within the monopoly and the principal effort of those procuring business is to take it from another engaged in the same field.

The economic function of the railroad industry is transportation. The monopoly conception became so impressed upon the minds of several generations of railroad executives that the possibility of transportation in any amount and over any considerable distance taking place other than on the rails seems to have been cast aside completely.

The fundamental principle of the railroad has been unchanged for more than a hundred years. If one were to describe this as one describes a new art for the benefit of the patent office, the principle of the railroads might be described as "a solid axle on each end of which is placed a flanged wheel — the whole rolling upon two parallel iron or steel rails." Improvements have been made in the weight carried upon

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the axle, in the strength of the rails and in the intensity of power applied to cause the wheel to roll. Beyond that almost nothing.

In this day of industrial research when every aggressive corporation investigates all the possibilities within the realm of its economic function, it seems strange to find transportation executives during the Twentieth Century confining their thoughts within the narrow limits of the rails.

The effect of this narrow vision and closely circumscribed field of activity may be contrasted with what might have been by imagining the result today if the heads of our transportation system upon the completion of its major development, which followed the Civil War, had adopted a policy which could be stated something like this: "We are using the rails only at this time because they are the best method yet found for every phase of the function we are attempting to perform; but we are continually searching and will adopt as rapidly as we discover them better methods for performing the whole or any part of our function of transportation." With such a policy, it is not difficult to conceive of the pipe-lines for oil and gas and the research now under way for their adaptation to the transport of grain and coal, the use of waterways where economical, a better coördination of rail and inland water systems in particular, probably transmission of electric power over long distances on the railroads rights-of-way and, most important of all, the application as a common carrier of the motor truck itself — all as having been developed and fostered by the transportation companies which began by using only the rails.

The absolute dismissal by the railroad executives of every new thought regarding transportation that did not have to do with the rails, as something entirely outside of their domain and in which they could have no real interest, was the result of traditions developed during seventy-five years. This was exemplified to the writer recently when the retired president of a large system told him that less than ten years ago he had been asked to become associated with one of the largest manufacturers of motor trucks at a salary to be named by himself, to work out the policies which should be followed in applying the motor truck to large scale transportation. His reply was that he was a railroad man, had grown up in railroading and knew his business, but that motor trucks were out of his line. It would have been more comprehensive had he said, "You have made a mistake. I am merely a railroad operator and *not* a transportation executive."

For the half dozen heads of great systems who are no longer confining their thoughts to the rails but whose conceptions and policies comprise the whole of transportation within their scope, we have nothing but admiration. But they are a handful among the two million railroad employes who still have the "old army" complex. It takes a long time to re-educate the personnel of a large corporation. And the thought of the people at large is even more resistant to change. So while the executives did great things, marvelous things, in developing the technique of railroading, yet they dismissed from

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their minds all other forms of transportation, until suddenly, like Gulliver in the country of the Lilliputians, they were attacked in their sleep and awoke to find themselves bound by those whose possibilities they had ignored.

These things are all faults of omission. The great act of commission, which appears faulty only as the monopoly fails to hold, was the direction taken in the setting of tariffs and the creation of a rate structure. Because this thing just grew, because it was and is the result of all the forces loosed by all the groups, the financiers and capitalists, the executives and managements, the shipping and traveling public, and the legislative bodies with their regulating commissions, it will be considered later as a thing in itself.

IT HAS been truly said that even if all the engineering ability of today, all the present equipment, all the construction crews and operation personnel now employed had existed one hundred years ago, yet such a railroad as the New York Central could not have been built. No way existed for the accumulation and making available of the necessary capital. The country had no great banking houses, and few investors. In fact, until long after the Civil War, there was not sufficient capital available in the whole of the United States to build our railroads. Money was sought by bankers for American railroads from every country in Europe. From England was obtained by far the greatest amount. Because of the prevalence of the transportation monopoly conception, the capital was obtained at low cost.

An investment banker, underwriter of bond issues, accumulator of capital for corporate enterprises, risks both his own capital and his reputation (upon which depends his ability to direct the flow of capital) when offering to his clients a new issue at a price fixed by himself. For the price of a bond in relation to its principal amount is an indication of its seeming soundness. With the obligations of the United States Government as standard and the payment of interest and ultimately the principal thereon regarded as a practical certainty, the spread between their current market price or yield — yield and price being reciprocal in nature — and that of any other bond, may be taken under normal market conditions as the measure of the deemed risk or probability of delay or default in connection with either interest or principal or both. The soundness or certainty of Government obligations is based upon the power of taxation. The power of the transportation monopoly to collect tariffs levied upon the flow of commerce through the arteries of trade has much the same appearance. That the senior bonds of the Pennsylvania, the Atchison, the New York Central and others, were for decades exceeded in value only by governmental obligations, is ample evidence of the deep-seated faith in the permanence of this power. That such bonds have been selected as the proper investments for trust funds, life insurance companies and savings banks emphasizes the importance of their soundness to every citizen of the country.

In 1929 the unprecedented increase in traffic volume that had been

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under way since 1921 failed to continue and the traffic decline began. The extent of the decline and the type of traffic most severely affected sent a shiver through the entire financial community. The decline made it appear that the railroad transportation monopoly was becoming endangered. When the Interstate Commerce Commission told the railroad executives that in their opinion the application of the requested fifteen per cent increase in freight rates to many commodities would drive the transportation of those commodities off the rails to competing agencies in sufficient volume to offset an increased tariff on other things, no doubt remained that the monopoly was losing ground. The rate increase granted in conjunction with the formation of the Railroad Credit Corporation is deliberately a matter of expediency. Anything to bridge the trough of the depression until the volume of the nation's rail traffic again increases seems the order of the day. The bankers for the railroads have heavy responsibilities to the roads, which have bond issues falling due and requiring refunding within the next two years. Earnings must be reëstablished as certainties, to form the basis of credit.

With the railroad executives basing their policies upon the monopoly conception and the financial world putting railroad bonds into the foundations of the credit structure because of it, the people as a whole could do nothing but accept it as a fact. The people in the small towns of the country did not need to concern themselves with executives or bankers to form their opinions. They jumped immediately from observation to conclusion. When the writer lived in a small town in East Texas, served by only two trains a day in each direction on a single-tracked railroad and the only highways were deeply rutted red clay roads, the power of the railroad in the economic life of the community was obvious. When concrete highways were completed through the county and connected the small towns with the market centres which were, on the average, some twenty-five miles away, the economic freedom was not merely theoretical. It was actual and obvious.

During the fifty years between the coming of the railroad and the coming of the concrete highway and the motor truck, the only protection against the possible misuse of the economic power of the railroad was the exercise of political power through regulatory bodies. In cases where more than one railroad could carry the shipment, the shipper could evidence his displeasure by refusing the plea of its traffic representative and routing his freight by another road. The thought which seems even yet to be too firmly entrenched in American minds, that competition is a great cure-all for the misuse of economic power, had its effect here. A discussion of the gradual change of this thought, which seems now to have been in process for some time, would be out of place here. It should be enough to say that a corporation under direct governmental regulation should not and can not be considered as should be those entirely free from such regulation.

The demand, now become traditional, that competition be main-

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tained within the railroad industry and that wherever possible the shipper have the choice of more than one road, is obsolete. It no longer serves any purpose in the scheme of things. It has helped to keep the executives' thoughts within the limits of the rails. It is the greatest cause of the waste of money, duplication of effort and extravagance that now exist in the railroad industry. Because the railroads were the first of the great corporations to come under public regulation, this idea of the benefit of competition as an automatic check upon railroad management was adopted through fear of the inability of the regulatory bodies to control the rates levied and prevent one community's being favored at the expense of another.

The more recent development of other public utilities, such as telephone, electric power and light, gas, and, in a few of the largest cities, centralized steam supply, has been relieved of the burden of enforced competition and duplication of effort. It is now regarded everywhere as undesirable to have two gas companies with their mains in the streets, two electric power companies competing for business in the same community, etc.

The result of the absence of competition *within* these industries is salutary. The executives of the electric companies, as must be obvious to any one who has electricity in his home, are constantly striving to find ways to develop the use and sale of additional electricity. In other words, efforts directed entirely toward the performance of their economic function; the executives of the gas company likewise. Contrast this with the attention, time, expense and personnel employed by the railroads for no other purpose than to take as much traffic as possible away from another railroad, or to prevent the other railroad taking traffic or customers away from them.

Mr. Eastman of the Interstate Commerce Commission in an address expressed the conclusion that Government ownership in one form or another appeared to be ultimately probable or at least advisable, and called attention forcibly to the tremendous expense created by this competition. Its elimination would go far toward lessening the expense of its carriers to the nation.

Its elimination would free the executives from watching each other to devote full time to the development of transportation in all forms. With the Interstate and the forty-eight intra-State Commerce Commissions constantly on the job, its coördinance serves no useful function.

FREIGHT rates are the battle ground for all who have an interest in the railroads. Management desires a rate structure that will at once attract or stimulate traffic and also permit dividends to be well covered by profits. Bankers desire a rate structure that will produce revenues ample to cover interest and other fixed charges by more than twice over. The shipping public wishes to pay as little as may be absolutely necessary to obtain adequate service. And the legislative and administrative bodies try to please everybody as far as the political necessity of gaining and retaining votes will permit. But the matter doesn't end here.

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Because of the practical impossibility of determining the exact cost of transporting any commodity without arbitrarily making definite assumptions for such evident variables as traffic volume, length of haul, etc., a brilliant thinker has well and properly described the rate structure as "a floating mass of relativities." This condition is enhanced by the monopoly conception and full advantage taken of it by all concerned.

Wherever and as long as a monopoly exists in the production of anything, whether it be a line of fabricated articles or "ton-miles" of transportation, the relation between the prices charged for the individual items is of no consequence, high for one or low for another, so long as the aggregate return from the total sale of all of the products is sufficient. On this basis, the American railroads, with all competition between each other in the matter of rates and prices eliminated by the Congress and its Interstate Commerce Commission, have in some instances equalized rates for unequal distances, in others have set rates on different commodities varying by far more than the obvious difference in cost of service rendered. Only recently there appeared as a news item, the complaint of certain New England shippers that they were being discriminated against in the matter of freight rates, because the rates from their cotton mills to Chicago were substantially more than those from cotton mills in the western part of Virginia. No mention was made of the fact that the distances are almost exactly proportionate to the existing rates.

In a letter recently received by the writer from the President of a railroad in the Southwest, the following appeared:

> If American railroads assessed the same rates for transportation of freight in this country that are applied in European countries, our industrial life would wither like a fig leaf in the fall. It is cheap transportation which enables producers in almost every part of our great area to reach markets in almost every other part of the same area, and has made our country the greatest market on earth. Imagine what would happen to the citrus fruit industry of Southern California, of the Rio Grande Valley of Texas, or of Florida, if rates for transportation were so high that producers' markets were confined to the contiguous areas.
>
> But producers in Southern California insist on competing with producers in Texas and in Florida, in markets a thousand miles or more nearer Texas and Florida than is Southern California. The same situation applies in regard to almost every other line of business. The tendency, therefore, is constant pressure for reduction of rates from certain areas to reach competitive markets and the influence on the general rate structure is perpetually downward. The tendency is not only supported by the political machinery of the country, which most largely is influenced by the shipping and consuming public, but actually by the railroads themselves, each desiring to stimulate industrial development in its own territory and in that behalf adjusting rates from its territory to remote markets which can be better served at less expense from adjacent areas, via other carriers.

All of this is well and good as long as the monopoly can be maintained by the rails and so make up by high tariffs on this thing what they lose by low tariffs on that — a high rate for a ton of silk or automobile tires and a low rate for a ton of coal or wheat or steel. But the monopoly is no longer complete. The renaissance of the highway with its motor trucks — plus pipe-lines, airways, and newer

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things yet to come — is here to stay and grow.

The effect is typical of the crumbling away of any monopoly. Competition comes in and takes away that business on which there is a more than average profit and leaves the ex-monopoly with that business on which there is less-than-average profit or a loss. Our attention has been drawn to several instances of long-haul carload business taken away from the rails. In each instance the commodity carried was one whereon a relatively high railroad freight rate was in effect. These instances range from the haulage of a carload of automobile tires by motor truck and trailer from Ohio to the eastern end of Massachusetts and a carload of specially prepared paper hauled in the reverse direction, to cotton hauled by motor truck from Arkansas to the Texas Gulf ports. But coal and ore and grain and pulp wood and other items upon which the freight rates are deliberately low as aids to agriculture and industry, remain on the rails.

That the motor truck has its place in short-haul, less-than-carload transportation is no longer doubted. That the rate structure, developed under the monopoly conception, invites the extension of trucks into activity to which they are not the best fitted is increasingly apparent. So even here we find that the monopoly idea, used to great advantage to the country as a whole, is becoming vulnerable.

WHAT of the future?

From the standpoint of economic theory, it is quite easy to propose a complete revision of the rate structure so that everything, each item, carried on the rails would be charged an amount exactly proportionate to the cost of its carriage, to do the same for the common carriers among the motor trucks and then permit the automatic functioning of economic law to take its course. But any attempt to apply such a policy could result only in chaos in American commerce and industry.

The railroad companies must become transportation companies in which will be coördinated all forms of transport. The common carrier transportation monopoly must be reëstablished to as great an extent as may be practicable. The maintenance of a rate structure of the sort now in effect is possible on no other basis. The transportation system must continue to serve commerce and industry and, if possible, to equalize distances in as effective a manner as it has in the past. The first step that must be taken in this direction is the elimination of the extravagant, unnecessary and, in fact, wholly undesirable competition within the railroad industry. The conception that has been applied with such excellent results to electric power companies, gas companies and telephone companies must be applied to the railroads or transportation companies. It must be recognized that in the case of any public utility, be it transportation, communication, light, heat, or water, one corporation in each community devoting its entire attention to the performance of the function for which it exists, under the regulation of a public commission to insure fairness both to the public, the corporation and the corporation's creditors, is a far better

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public servant than are two or more companies, most of whose attention is directed to fighting with each other over such business as already exists and for which the price that they may charge is already fixed and published.

The adoption of the policy that competition between railroad companies be eliminated and that they become transportation companies would result in a complete change in the present plans for railroad consolidation. It would mean the integrating of the railroads of the country into a number of non-competing systems whose terminals would consist of jointly owned organizations somewhat similar perhaps to that now existing in St. Louis. The first and immediate effect of such a move would be that all of the time, effort and expense now devoted entirely to fighting over such traffic as would be carried upon the rails in any event, could be diverted to the furtherance of the function of transportation. The policy outlined in the first part of this article modified by modern developments could be then adopted, thus:

"We are using the rails now for the bulk of our traffic because they are the best means yet found for most phases of the function we are attempting to perform, but we have adopted all proven facilities and methods and are continually searching and will adopt as rapidly as we discover them even better methods for performing and extending the whole or any part of our function of transportation."

The few who today are transportation executives in fact would find their number rapidly multiplied, and the effective coördination of all forms of transportation would soon appear.

The American transportation system would again be in a position to help the nation onward by making possible an even smoother flow of trade and commerce and again have the deserved confidence of the world as one of the foundation stones of the American credit structure.

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Not for Love

By Louise Maunsell Field

Why do serious novelists and playwrights of our day so consistently ignore the tender passion?

When Alice went down the rabbit-hole into Wonderland she entered a world almost as different from the one she'd known as ours is from our fathers'; not to mention our grandfathers'. Different mentally as well as materially. Yet absorbed as we are in radios and airplanes, in trying to get used to what machines have done and speculating on what they may do to us, we sometimes overlook the transformation of ideas, though these have changed even more radically than have means of communication. The passing of the horse and buggy, for instance, is no more complete and a good deal less startling than the often contemptuous discrediting of that romantic love to which preceding generations gave pen and lip service as to the one thing supremely worth while.

From the time of Tutankhamun almost to the present day, this same romantic love was one of the two main themes of poetry and fiction. Its only serious rival was war, and when the Age of Chivalry dawned on a surprised world, it brought the two into a long-lasting union. The gentil knight was faithful unto death to his chosen lady; at least, in theory. She for her part was no less loyal; also, in theory. Love and fighting go hand in hand through the *Mabinogeon* and the *Morte d'Arthur*. In Elizabethan days, and through the alarums and excursions of the Civil War, the two were not divided.

But from the very beginning of the cult of the novel, love grew more and more important, while war subsided into the subordinate position of a hen-pecked husband. *Tom Jones* and *Pamela*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, *Evelina* and all their kith and kin had little to do with drums and trumpets. Love soon became the principal, often the only theme of fiction. The peerless Jane Austen might just as well have ended every novel she wrote with the words of the old-fashioned fairy tale: "And so they were married, and lived happily ever after."

Of course, some authors were restive under the romantic love régime and its restrictions, but even those who, like Mrs. Radcliffe, summoned mystery and horror to quicken their readers' pulses, relied on the love theme for the happy ending. Scott and Dickens produced the

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required pair of young lovers with unfailing regularity, though both seem to have regarded them as a good deal of a nuisance, while Thackeray all but rebelled against the bondage of romance. Lesser writers clung firmly to the convenient fiction formula: introduce two young lovers; separate them by some apparently insuperable barrier, and arrange a way over, under or around it in time for the last chapter. Edwin pursued Angelina over mountains of paper and across oceans of ink.

While fiction accepted the love theme, poetry acclaimed it. The bulk of English verse is one long pæan to romantic love. Drama has been in almost perfect accord with fiction and poetry. Comedy "left the lovers loving"; melodrama reunited them; tragedy killed them. With the rarest exceptions, they furnished the mainspring of the action.

But within the last decade, all this has been suddenly, completely and enthusiastically changed.

Look at the outstandingly successful plays of the season; in how many of them is the union of two lovers a matter of paramount importance? In just one, and that a holdover from last year: *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, an historical episode enhanced by the exquisite playing of Katherine Cornell, and interesting in its delineation of a Victorian patriarchy. *Mourning Becomes Electra* has more to do with hate than with love; *Reunion in Vienna* can scarcely be regarded as a romantic idyll; *Brief Moment* is notable for the cleverness of its dialogue and its clear striking of the modern note of skepticism and unrest; *Counsellor-at-Law* ends with the very likable hero forgetting his abandonment in his business, while *Springtime for Henry* amusingly ridicules that "love of a good woman," which was a shibboleth of romance.

But it is in the novel that the change is most apparent. In the last few years the novel has gone through a rapid transition, passing from idealistic love to unmitigated sexuality, and now energetically discarding sex in favor of other interests. So uncompromising is the alteration that it is very unusual to find a recent, serious and successful novel in which the love interest is of more than slight importance. So complete, so ruthless is the ostracism of Edwin and Angelina that for a novel to be centred on a romantic love-theme practically implies its relegation to the class of so called "popular" fiction, provided for the amusement of the quarter-educated or the semi-idiotic. Romantic has become all but synonymous with piffling.

Now this displacement of interest in fiction would be comparatively unimportant if it did not reflect a displacement of interest in life. For it is a mistake to assign the change solely or even principally to the fact that it is becoming more and more difficult for a writer to find a plausible barrier to put between his young lovers, now that parental authority is nil, and the bonds of matrimony easily severed. If the public which prefers the theatre to the talkies, and reads what reviewers call serious fiction, were still predominantly or even very considerably interested in romantic love, that would remain an important theme of

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novel and drama. But the change goes deeper yet; for interest has been lost primarily because belief has been lost. Idyllic love, dressed in the garb of today, presented as a story of today, is apt to be greeted with more jeers than cheers by the men and women of today. Far from being hailed as immortal, love must now appear only as the most fleeting of episodes, if a respectable degree of sophistication is to be preserved.

Some of this change is undoubtedly due to the changed position of women. In Byron's day love was "woman's sole existence," because she had little chance at any other. Love was the "Open, Sesame," to what was practically the one career possible for her. If she wasn't mistress of a household or a man, she wasn't anything at all. Having only the one possible future, she naturally idealized it as much as she could. The more glamor that could be thrown around it, the more dignity that could be attached to it, the more desirable it could be made to seem. And since the influence of women on fiction has always been enormous, the supply, consciously or unconsciously, conformed to the demand. In the exaltation of love woman, as love's instrument, saw herself exalted. If her own sensations didn't measure up to those described by her favorite authors, she did her earnest best to make herself believe they did. And self-deception being easier than any other, she frequently succeeded.

Yet deep down within her there would seem to have existed all the while a troubled consciousness that what she thus enthroned might be fancy rather than fact, for while romantic love was being hymned aloud the faintest whisper of sex was utterly abhorred. For a little while sex was successfully excluded from fiction, and as far as possible from any open appearance in real life, where its existence was treated as an unfortunate blunder on the part of Dame Nature, and kept, so to speak, under cover. But that very exclusion, that very concealment, sharpened curiosity. Little by little, curiosity whittled away the bars and sex, endowed with the thrilling interest of the forbidden, came striding on in seven-league boots and squashed romance flat.

Like almost everything else, this demolition has been attributed to the World War, which affected so many values. But even before the murder at Sarajevo, sex had begun to interfere with romantic love. For a while it had the enormous advantage of being at once novel and disreputable; to expound it was to be shocking, and consequently in demand. And when, after the War, jaded nerves demanded first frivolity and then stimulation, sex proved one of the most efficacious of pick-me-ups. The young, reacting to the general atmosphere, sought excitement in petting parties; their elders turned to fiction, and a stage which became more and more hard-boiled, more and more erotic. Then, as normal sex-interests began to pall, abnormal ones were introduced. Authors rediscovered perversion and homosexuality. For a time, these pricked on the now flagging curiosity; today, they also have become stale, tedious, not twice but ten-times told tales, over which we yawn. Human nature can grow used to anything; even pathology.

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In so far as it represents a widening of interests, the change which has come over all branches of imaginative writing may be considered an advantage. It is a change largely due, as has already been said, to the changed position of women. Amelia of *Vanity Fair*, spending all her time brooding over George's letters, making herself ill and all about her uncomfortable, is a typical example of an old-fashioned heroine in the throes of romantic love; and a person with whom the modern reader feels extremely impatient. The present-day heroine who, when one lover deserts her, wastes no time in tears but promptly looks about for another, is at least a more cheerful companion. But you must remember that poor Amelia hadn't anything on earth to do except read and re-read George's letters. Young gentlewomen of the period had in truth remarkably little to do but peruse the letters of their respective Georges, save perhaps to plague the poor and wash the poodle. The modern young woman must go to her desk or her office; she must keep an appointment or attend a board meeting or a conference; she has other things to think about besides George, other things to do besides meditate over his letters. George may be an important, but he is not the only, interest in her life. Love is not the one thing in the world to her, and she doesn't pretend it is, but accepts it as a part of life, without much incense-burning or exaltation.

As for the older woman, in the majority of cases she has long since lost any illusions she may have cherished about George. If she married him for love, which does sometimes happen in fact as well as fiction, she has probably ceased either to be or to expect to be more than calmly fond of him. And unlike her counterpart of the days when all love was proclaimed immortal, she doesn't regard her position as either peculiar or unfortunate, doesn't blame either herself or George. Her friends take it for granted that since she hasn't divorced George they get along well enough, and don't expect them to be rapturously in love; at any rate, not with each other. No longer do other women regard George as out of the running, merely because he is married; nor do other men cease to be interested in Amelia for the same reason. Marriage once meant prompt relegation to the shelf; a shelf which doesn't even exist any longer.

And if George and Amelia do decide on a divorce, who regards that as a tragedy? Or as anything except a more or less desirable readjustment? In the days when romantic love was an important part of the generally accepted creed, such public proclamation of love's demise was avoided at almost any cost, and if avoidance proved impossible, contemplated through tears. Now it is so much a part of the way of the world that it isn't even amusing. The fact is strong evidence of the general disbelief in that romantic love, one of whose principal and distinguishing characteristics was in its power of endurance. There was a time when, if a girl's lover was inconsiderate enough to die, she was thought to fall decidedly short of the ideal of the truly womanly if she refused to spend the rest of her life as a kind of animated monument; today, she is

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condemned as conventional if she mourns six months.

It is true that a good many excellent people are much concerned over the disturbing effects of habitual divorce, especially on the children, a multiplicity of parents presenting complications with which the juvenile mind is scarcely competent to deal. Trying to discover a remedy, these worthy folk decide there must be something wrong with marriage itself, and suggest all sorts of remedies, from trial marriage to indissoluble wedlock. It never seems to occur to any of them that the disappearance of belief in supreme and lasting love may have something to do with the matter. When our parents married, they at least expected the union to endure until death did them part; we don't. Which really does make a quite considerable difference.

Disappearance of belief in romantic love is sometimes attributed to an over-dose of biological information. It isn't easy, some argue, to idealize what one has learned to regard as a physiological process,with little if any more glamor or sublimity about it than are to be found in such other physiological processes as eating and drinking. The sex urge is, therefore, to be satisfied with little more ado than that of hunger. Consider the simple, unperplexed, usually polygamous and frequently promiscuous savage and be wise, would seem to be the teaching of many of those whose words are presumed to be fraught with knowledge at least, if not with wisdom. So much for physiology. As for psychology, small beauty and precious little idealism remain to the sex impulse (or to any other) once it has been subjected to a thorough Freudianizing.

Romantic love has been caught and submerged in that current of contemporary thought which treats ugliness as all fact and beauty as all fiction, is childishly credulous about the one, and intensely skeptical regarding the other, priding itself on a so called open-mindedness which admits that anything may be a fact if it is sufficiently disagreeable. It is the fashion to be proud of one's honesty and willingness to see things as they are, only those which are beautiful excepted.

To the disinterested observer, the present-day attitude towards romantic love seems compounded of two closely connected elements: hypocrisy and a sense of inferiority. There is nothing new about this; only the two used to manifest themselves differently, in accordance with a different fashion. For the simple fact is that the great love of which poets used to sing and novelists to write was, is, and always has been, the possession of the few; a gift as rare, and as inexplicable as genius. The hypocrisy of the past lay in assuming it to be something of which every one was capable, and trying to dress up small affections and ordinary sex attractions in its splendid habiliments; the hypocrisy of today lies in denying its existence even as the distinction of the few, a denial perfectly in harmony with that general dragging-down process, now so energetically pursued under the sweet and euphonious name of debunking.

In the past, when every ordinary

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human being was expected to experience deep emotions, ardent, enduring, romantic love among them, the many who weren't capable of anything of the sort suffered from a sense of inferiority which resulted either in self-deception or in an earnest, even devout attempt at self-deception. Today there is little if any less self-deception, but it is of a different kind. The former type was an effort to make one's own diminutive emotions appear giant-tall by hoisting them up on stilts, thereby rendering locomotion decidedly stiff and slow; the present variety is an effort to believe that giants simply do not exist, and to insist that those who are obviously a good deal more than common tall are not really giants, but only stilt-walkers. One kind of insincerity has given place to another.

In its mental and emotional aspects, this so called Machine Age is primarily an age of leveling down. Instead of striving to reach up, it is the easy fashion to deny that there is anything above which might be worth striving to reach up to. Because the vast majority of people are as incapable of feeling great emotion as they are of composing great music, they find satisfaction, as well as an immense lessening of strain, in declaring that great emotions are merely so much bunk. Inability to grieve intensely they miscall being sensible; inability to hate intensely they miscall tolerance; and because they know they are themselves incapable of loving greatly, they blithely echo Rosalind's playful statement that: "Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love!"

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Tariff Trivia

By James E. Boyle

We Americans have indulged in many curious attempts at "protection" besides the high duties on imports

Man seeks protection from many evils, real and imaginary. More and more he seeks shelter and security by means of governmental intervention. Protection thus takes on many forms, since it is the mind, the soul, the body, or the pocketbook which is to be protected. Herr Doktor Roscher, looking upon our tariff system with a cold eye some eighty years ago, wrote in his famous text book: "Since a democracy can not, properly speaking, educate the people in economics, the protective duties of the United States are for the most part only attempts by one part of the people, who claim to be the whole, to prey upon the other part."

Be that as it may, there are some interesting and completely neglected byways of our protective system, Federal, State, and local, that we may with profit explore.

Unfortunately we have come to think of "protection" and "tariff" as merely a system of duties imposed on imports by the Federal Government. For my purpose, however, I widen the definition of the term tariff to include those various protective measures of the States and local divisions, such as bounties, subsidies and other paternalistic devices. For it is exactly here that we have the most experimenting; here we have forty-eight separate laboratories. And here we see the more human side of the tariff question.

Let us begin with a perfectly characteristic State tariff, the schedule of which has more than once shaken the walls of Congress, namely, the tariff on peanuts. About ten years ago a long agitation in Alabama in favor of protecting this humble product of the soil came to a focus. There was much Heflinesque oratory. The spirit and substance of the discussions ran about like this:

"We must not palter or piddle or piffle with this great subject! We must protect our peanuts!"

So a protective tariff on peanuts was enacted by the State of Alabama. Some Philistine in the South at this time was unkind enough to say that it was the work of peanut politicians. This law, to have the color of legality, was called a public health measure. It applied, moreover, to peanuts from foreign countries only. Perhaps the most novel

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and ingenious feature of the legislation is the following administrative provision:

> Any person who shall engage in the business of selling any peanuts which have been produced in China or Japan or other foreign countries shall,
>
> First, notify the Commissioner of Agriculture and Industries of his engagement in importing or selling such products, and shall not later than the fifteenth of each month report an itemized and written account under oath of the amount of said products sold, *and the name and address of the purchasers;*
>
> Second, display a white card at least 10 x 14 inches in size, on which is printed the words "Oriental peanuts sold here," printed in black Roman letters, not less than one inch in length by one-half inch in width, the position of the card shall be on every wall of the room from which said articles are sold, approximately five feet from the floor and not farther than ten feet apart.

What would be done to the purchaser of the Japanese peanuts once his address were known does not appear in the statute. The State is, we hope, now safe from the invasion of the Oriental peanut. But alas, this does not shut out the still fiercer competition of the peanut from Georgia and Mississippi, the two nearest neighbors.

IN THEORY our tariffs are and must be Federal laws. But in practice the individual States occasionally seek to protect themselves not only from foreign countries but also from neighboring States, and to erect tariff walls under other names. One of the most recent examples of this practice is that of Iowa. Here is a State that boasts of its three points of preëminence: it contains not a single large city; it leads the country in pig production; it leads the country in corn production. So the law makers of Iowa decided last winter that what the State needed was a tariff on cotton seed oil products which were coming in from Georgia and other Southern States and which were being substituted for lard. Since many consumers were being attracted to this vegetable oil by reason of its quality, price and taste, it was, of course, competing with the Iowa hog. Accordingly the Iowa legislature debated for many days a bill providing for a three cent tax on vegetable shortening.

Now it happens that Georgia, and other Southern States, are fond of hog and hominy — the two products in which Iowa leads. However, our Southern friends did not threaten a boycott or a reprisal against the Northern bacon and corn. Instead of displaying truculence and bluster they assumed the more pacific rôle of petitioners. And although the tariff bill actually passed the Iowa senate, it died in a committee of the house of representatives. The thought will doubtless occur to readers that economic harmonies will best be preserved by letting Iowa farmers continue to produce hogs and hominy and Southern farmers cotton and cotton oil, and by letting there be free interchange of all these products.

The newest form of State tariffs, and one now upheld by the United States Supreme Court, is the tariff or tax on chain stores. Many States are now giving their local merchants this form of "protection." The Indiana law recently upheld by the Federal Supreme Court, imposes a graduated tariff on chain stores, the maximum being twenty-five dollars per unit store.

The North Carolina tariff on

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chain stores, also recently upheld by the Supreme Court, is a severe example of protection. Here the claim was frankly made that the chain store, for the prices charged, rendered a superior service. Local merchants found it difficult to compete because many of them were rendering an inferior service. So a tariff of fifty dollars a store is levied on each unit of each chain store in the State. The consumer, as usual, was overlooked in this controversy.

"The power to tax," said John Marshall, "is the power to destroy." We know by our experience with Federal tariff laws, 1789 to 1930, that each tariff law tends to beget a higher tariff. So we may safely prophesy that soon the various States with tariffs against chain stores will raise them till they are prohibitive. Nothing but a decision from the Supreme Court itself can prevent such an outcome.

Once our forty-eight States begin to levy tariffs in real earnest against products from neighboring States we may expect a bitter period of economic anarchy. The anti-chain store slogan "Keep your money at home," may then be carried to its logical conclusion, namely, "Keep your money in your pocket."

THE bounty has been widely used by all our forty-eight States. Generally speaking, its aim has been to hasten the growth of some infant industry or to beget some entirely new industry. Perhaps the champion experimenter with State subsidies and bounties is Kansas. Not only did the State vote money liberally for the planting of mulberry trees and growing of silk worms, but also for the growing of sugar beets, for the manufacture of beet sugar and for various other economic enterprises.

Kansas also enacted a large number of laws permitting local subdivisions to grant direct financial aid to infant industries. Cities and counties made too liberal use of this power, a practice which in a few cases led to bankruptcy of the city or county. One county in Kansas, Haskell, was authorized to subsidize its farmers to the extent of one dollar an acre for ploughing up the virgin prairie sod. A State law of 1897 declared the little city of Cimarron to be bankrupt, and permitted it to scale down its debt to the State — the debt having been incurred in part granting aid to a flour mill. The pioneers in this State, as in other States, were long in hope but short in financial judgment.

The reader may say: "Kansas is a radical, populistic, revolutionary commonwealth — one of those *civitates asinus* referred to recently by an Eastern Senator. Surely no such ill-advised use of bounties by a conservative Eastern State can be found"!

Turn to the State of Maine. Judge Holmes, writing an editorial in the *Maine Farmer* in 1837, sharply condemned the citizens of his State for spending their money for flour in New York State. His language is so much like the language used today in defending our foreign tariffs, that I must quote part of his editorial:

> The legislature of Maine (said Judge Holmes) have at length aroused themselves to action upon this subject and passed an act paying a bounty upon wheat. Startled by the fact that we were paying out more than

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$4,000,000 for breadstuffs, and knowing that the soil of the State was sufficiently fertile to produce bread enough for its inhabitants, they came to the determination of calling upon the farmers to wipe away the disgrace, and to call too, in such a manner, that they could not resist it. Now brother farmers, what say to this? If you do not exert every nerve to lift the State from her dependence upon the flour millers of New York, you ought to pine in penury and want.

That fine old Southern gentleman, Edmund Ruffin, editor of the *Farmer's Register*, of Petersburg, Virginia, believed, and rightly so, that this money would be better spent in experiments to find out the elements of soil lacking in Maine, but necessary for wheat growing. The Maine farmers, however, did divert some fertile lands from other crops to wheat — for a time. In the year 1839 these farmers received a bounty of some $87,000 and grew a million bushels of wheat. But alas for this "infant industry"! Now, some ninety years after this bounty treatment, we find Maine has one-half of one per cent of her improved land in wheat, and is producing a crop of 3,000 bushels for the whole State.

Even Massachusetts, with all its conservatism, made the same wheat experiment about a hundred years ago. The farmers, for good and sufficient reasons, were turning to the more profitable hay culture. The law makers considered it a vain and foolish thing for these farmers to turn from a bread grain to a hay crop which only the horses and cattle could eat. So a liberal bounty was offered for every bushel of wheat grown in the State. The farmers failed to make any visible response to this stimulus. One Yankee farmer, writing in the *New England Farmer*, made the observation that they might as well try to find witches in Massachusetts as to grow wheat there. Now less than one-fifth of one per cent of the improved land in Massachusetts is in wheat.

IT WOULD require a very large volume to record all the bounty experiments of all the States, for the list would include such diverse objects as these: special aid to railroads and canals; to companies prospecting for coal, oil and gas; to manufactures of many kinds; to flour mills; to cheese factories; to railroad shops; to bridge works; to steel mills; to beet sugar factories; to sugar beet growers; and to a vast number of other enterprises.

In this day and age when our papers are full of stories about surplus wheat, surplus cotton, surplus sugar, coffee, copper, silver, silk and many other commodities, it may not be hard to realize that in certain periods of the last century we had a surplus of railroads. They were the one big industry to receive lavish gifts from Federal, State, and local governments. The Federal land grants to the six Pacific railroads constituted an area larger in extent than the combined States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware and South Carolina. This overstimulation of the railroads did not bring them prosperity; quite the reverse.

But it was the local subdivision of government that contributed most unwisely to railroad enterprises. A mere inventory of such economic adventures would resemble in size

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a mail order catalogue, but I must cite one example, for here the farmers and small villagers who voted the aid bound themselves for a period of over fifty years, paid out a very large sum of money and never got any railroad.

In a certain county in southern New York, visible from Cornell University, there was once launched a railroad company known as the Pennsylvania and Sodus Bay Railway Company. It was on May 24, 1870. These were the days when every county and every village had visions of having a railroad of its own. Promoters commercialized their optimism. So in this county, with its lakes and its gorges and steep, wooded hillsides, three rural townships, with a total of fifteen hundred families, voted bonds to the amount of $150,000 as a bounty or subsidy to the new corporation. The people were almost all farmers, and most of them very short of money, but they jauntily voted this gift, amounting to $100 per family. Bonds were quickly sold to third parties; the money used up by the promoters; and then the work stopped. No rails were laid, no ties. There was only the graded right-of-way. It is still visible. In the year 1926, after fifty-four years of effort, these bonds were all paid, the principal and interest running well over five hundred thousand dollars. Thus the tariff sins of the fathers were visited on the children and the children's children.

Oddly enough it is the industry least adapted to this country which has had the most State aid — namely, silk, and it has had a record which is frankly and uniformly a one hundred per cent failure. There were, in all, three or four distinct silk crazes or speculations in mulberry trees and silk worms which swept this country. During one of these crazes, John Quincy Adams, in the year 1837, Chairman of the House Committee on Manufacturers, submitted as a report of his committee a letter from a member, Mr. A. T. Judson, on the subject of silk culture.

> Most of the political, commercial, and literary journals of the day (said Mr. Judson) contain paragraphs urging farmers and others to engage in silk culture. . . . From all the facts in my possession I am satisfied that every farmer may devote a portion of his farm and attention to the growth of silk, and thereby greatly increase the value of his products. The gathering of the foliage and the feeding of the worms may be performed by children and such other members of the family as are incapable of more arduous labor, and who, if not thus employed, would spend their time in idleness, or, what is worse, mischief.

Ohio was typical of those States which were drawn into the silk and mulberry speculation. Here the Governor's message in 1838 "pointed with pride" to the thriving culture of silk in various parts of the States and to the great interest and excitement over it; expressed his belief that Ohio soil and Ohio climate were well adapted to this industry; and recommended that it be "encouraged" by extending to the producer a bounty.

So an act was passed, and a bounty on cocoons offered. But alas, the hopes of men gang aft agley! Draw a veil of charity over the next twenty years of disappointed hopes. The sequel is told briefly but eloquently in the 1859 report of the Ohio Board of Agriculture. Reasons are set forth for the profitableness of the silk

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worms in Italy and France, and their failure in Ohio.

Turn from Ohio with its forests, to Kansas with its prairies and sunflowers. The Kansas pioneers decided that the mulberry tree and the silk worm would thrive on the Kansas soil and the Kansas climate. So in the year 1887 a silk commission was created to transplant this exotic industry to the plains of Kansas. After ten years of fostering care, the industry waned and the act promoting silk culture was repealed. The Kansas farmer was able to get more silk by growing wheat and shipping it to China in exchange for silk.

If the roll is called of the States that have endeavored to promote the silk industry, in competition with Japan and China, the list will include Connecticut (1832), Vermont (1839), Kansas (1887), Maine (1841–1862), Utah (1898–1905), Illinois (1842), Massachusetts (1836–1839), Maine, a second time (1883–1903), New Jersey (1839), and many other States. The result was the same in every case — nil.

It would be profitable, if time permitted, to look farther afield into "protective measures" enacted by the States to safeguard not merely the pocketbooks but the minds and souls of the citizens. However, only one such State can be mentioned here. Tennessee in 1796 adopted a constitution containing this clause regarding the duties and place of a clergyman:

> Whereas the ministers of the Gospel are, by their professions, dedicated to God and the care of souls, and ought not to be diverted from these great duties of their functions; therefore no minister of the gospel, or priest of any denomination whatever, shall be eligible to a seat in either house of the legislature.

It is a far cry from this Eighteenth Century constitution to the anti-Darwin statute of Tennessee and the Dayton trial. In this State, in the year 1925, a country preacher from the hills (a member of the State legislature) brought forth and had passed a bill designed to "protect" the minds of citizens from the errors of Darwinism.

"Protection" in the United States takes many forms, certainly. Will the historian a hundred years from now write them all down in the same category?

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THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

NEVER still for long, the Landscaper has just returned to his desk from a journey into the South, and more particularly into a part of the South that had not recovered from the terrible floods of 1927 when it was staggered by the crash of 1929, and the subsequent fall in agricultural prices. Now it has another flood almost equal in magnitude to the record inundation of 1927; its products are worth little or nothing, its banks are either closed or acting only as safe deposit boxes; its people are impoverished; and its future anything else but bright. The marks of five years of distress are everywhere in evidence; houses are devoid of paint, fields neglected and reverting to their natural state, and inhabitants reduced to little more clothing than will preserve their modesty. Food is fairly plentiful — it is not a simple matter to starve to death on a farm, but living standards in general are either already reduced or rapidly being reduced to European peasant levels. Indeed, the Landscaper has never seen such conditions as now prevail in a good many sections of the Deep South outside the poorest regions of Spain. There would be much less significance in these remarks, of course, if some of the benighted countries of Europe were under discussion, but is it not slightly ironical, to say the least, that one must go to the poorest of European nations to find a comparison for certain sections of the richest of all countries?

The Permanent Effects

NOT only is there a drop in every variety of living standard, but schools are closing in many counties, and the tax situation is so serious that desperate measures will be necessary before there can be any guarantee that they will be able to open in the coming autumn. Members of college faculties have taught for months without a cent of pay — this is in Mississippi, as it is better to be specific in discussing such matters. State institutions of every sort have suffered inevitably, nor is there much relief in sight in spite of a new deal in politics that gives warrant for at least some optimism. But this is not the place for a discussion of such matters in detail. The Landscaper's principal interest is as an observer of civilization at work; in

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this instance civilization has quite definitely lost ground through the operation of economic laws and the failure of the democratic system of government. What the solution will be remains to be seen; perhaps something will be done now that the taxpayers' pocketbook nerve is constantly being assailed. It is pleasant to report that in the face of all this disaster, the people themselves refuse to be downhearted, partly, perhaps, because they are not very far removed from pioneer conditions, and do not find it very difficult to slough off the Fordian era and get back to first principles. It will be extremely interesting to see how long they will be satisfied with nothing more than full stomachs, probably not a moment longer than the time the rest of the country gets on its feet and again takes up its quest for modern comforts. . . .

Mr. Faulkner at Home

Along with the rest of the world, Mississippi is now alive to William Faulkner, alive, but not quite certain what to say about its son whose undeniable talent as a novelist has spread his fame far and wide. His most recent novel, *Sanctuary*, the Landscaper found to be a general topic of conversation; the daring of its central incident has had as much to do with the attention it has received in Mississippi as elsewhere. There is a sorry moral to be drawn from this: six good and important novels by Faulkner went unread by the general public until after he had written the shocking *Sanctuary*. The Landscaper found the Younger Generation reading this novel with but little appreciation of its amazing strength; the Older Generation with only a few exceptions voiced its stern disapproval of Faulkner and all his ways. One of the few exceptions was the Village Barber, an omnivorous reader of excellent taste and judgment, whose comments on current literature would do credit to any New York literary gathering. With Faulkner, for whose work the Landscaper has often expressed enthusiasm, the question is a very old one: shall we accord the artist the fullest possible choice in his selection of material? If we say at the outset that he is under certain quite definite limitations in this respect, an arguable point, we assume the right to dismiss his work as soon as it transgresses these boundaries. But if we allow him a latitude as broad as life, and judge results only, criticism at once becomes an entirely different matter. It has often been said here, and hardly needs repeating, that the South hates and distrusts the truth about many aspects of its life, past and present, and Faulkner, iconoclast that he is, will never kneel in the romantic temple. . . . But if he keeps his present gait, and goes as far as some of us think he will, his State will be proud of him; outside recognition will take care of this matter. The Landscaper still recalls South Carolina's sudden change in attitude toward Julia Peterkin when the New York *Times* chose *Black April* as one of the fifty best novels of the year of its appearance, and the further change in attitude when *Scarlet Sister Mary* received the Pulitzer Prize. There will be another Faulkner novel along soon, incidentally, making eight novels and a

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volume of excellent short stories that have appeared from this pen since *Soldier's Pay* was published in 1925, and the author not yet thirty-five years old.

Mr. Lippmann and America

To drop this interesting subject, however, and to get back to more immediate matters, the Landscaper reports with some disappointment that there have been no additions to the new books on Japan and China since last month. This condition will be quickly cured, however, and we shall as certainly face a deluge of material of this sort as we did of books on Russia in 1931. On other questions of world-import, there are a number of excellent volumes, including Walter Lippmann's *The United States in World Affairs* (Harper, $3), which is, in effect, the history of 1931, and the account of the relation of the depression to international policies. Mr. Lippmann's splendid gift for clear analysis is evident in every page of this important and exciting book; not even those who disagree with him can quarrel with the simplicity to which he has reduced his story of an epochal period. He closes the book with comment on the Manchurian affair, an adventure for Japan that, no matter what its present conclusion, is bound to have repercussions for long years to come. Actually there has never been any doubt about this matter of a temporary adjustment of the affair: Japan has followed the familiar course of imperialism and taken what she wanted and was able to take. The speed with which this purpose was accomplished seems extraordinary.

Books About Hitler

Several new books are available on Germany, including two whose principal concern is Adolf Hitler, an intrinsically inconsequential figure converted into a real menace to the peace of Europe by the movement of events. These are Dorothy Thompson's excellent book, published by Farrar and Rinehart, and *Hitlerism: The Iron Fist in Germany*, by "Nordicus" (Mohawk Press, $3). *The Germans: An Inquiry and an Estimate* by George N. Shuster (Lincoln MacVeagh — The Dial Press, $3) is the result of a careful study of the whole situation, made by one of the leading Catholic scholars of the United States. Mr. Shuster's conclusions seem sound and sensible, and his book, altogether serious in import, is readable because of the intelligence of its point of view, and its good style. *The Birth of the German Republic* by Arthur Rosenberg (Oxford University Press) is a history of Germany from 1871 to 1918; the translation is by Ian Morrow. Several years ago there appeared in Germany a book called *Gott Im Frankreich* by Friedrich Sieburg, at present the London correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and formerly stationed in Paris. Later it was published in Paris under the striking title of *Dieu-est-il Francais?*, and it found a huge audience waiting for it among the French. It is now available here as *Who Are These French?* (Macmillan, $2.50), in an excellent translation by Alan Harris. Herr Frieburg is a German who has an extraordinary understanding of France and the French, so that his book

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becomes at once a remarkable interpretation of a land and a people he knows and loves and a plea for peace between his native and his adopted countries. Not the least interesting feature of the present edition is that it retains an appendix made up of an answer to Herr Frieburg by Bernard Grasset, its French publisher, and Herr Frieburg's rejoinder. We are here treated to the amazing spectacle of a perfectly calm, good-humored debate between a Frenchman and a German. The Landscaper suspects that a good many people who have been irritated by the French of late will enjoy the Frieburg book particularly; it serves as a reminder of the many virtues of the French and helps us to forget their petty and exasperating faults. Since it is obvious enough that there can be no stable peace in Europe without an understanding between France and Germany, and since *Who are These French?* has already proved itself a valuable agency in the direction of this rapport, it should appeal to many intelligent Americans.

South America's Future

THE *Struggle for South America* by J. F. Normano (Houghton Mifflin, $4) is an interesting account of recent events on our neighbor-continent, and more than anything else an impassioned plea for coöperation between the United States and Brazil. The author is a Brazilian scholar, who very naturally emphasizes the importance of his own land, and who is confident that it offers this country excellent opportunities for investment, and perhaps, in time, a home for our surplus population. For a time, at least, we may be expected to be more than a little gun-shy of Latin-American investments, but there is no doubt that our destiny is closely bound-up with South America's, and Señor Normano gives a clear summary of existing conditions, including a straightforward analysis of *El Peligro Yanqui*, the shadow of which is never quite removed from our relations with Latin-American republics. W. Y. Elliott's *The New British Empire* (Whittlesey House-McGraw-Hill, $5) is a study of the post-War changes in the whole British Empire, changes which, the author thinks, have gone a long way toward creating a "British International," with a capitalistic-democratic basis, to offset the Third Communist International. Mr. Elliott is a member of the faculty of Harvard. His volume is well illustrated with maps and charts and his interesting theory quite well worked out.

Trotsky's Great Book

OF RECENT books on Russia, there are two that easily overshadow all the rest. One of these is Volume One of Leon Trotsky's *History of the Russian Revolution* (Simon and Schuster, $5), covering "The Overthrow of Tzarism — February–June, 1917"; the other, *Stalin: The Career of a Fanatic*, by Essad-Bey (Viking, $3.50). The highly important Trotsky volume has the further advantage of a translation by Max Eastman, which preserves the full power and artistry of Trotsky's style, much praised in the European prints. This book is unique in that it is an account of one of the most dramatic events in the history of the world told by

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a participant, and by a man who actually had as much to do with the shaping of the events he describes as any other human agency. Trotsky led the Revolution of 1905; he organized and fronted the greater Revolution of 1917. His book is a history of the events leading up to the downfall of the Romanovs, and a portrait gallery of the actors in the great drama, the Czar, Rasputin, Kerensky, Kamenev, etc. One may without any suggestion of exaggeration call it the most important historical document of our times. Volume Two will deal with the downfall of the Coalition Government and the thrilling days of October; together the two are assured of immortality not only as historical source-books, but as tremendously stirring reading material.

Essad-Bey's life of Joseph Djugashvili, the Georgian known to the world as Stalin, is packed full of the most intense human interest. Stalin, the son of a shoemaker, spent his early years in the gutters of Tiflis; later he studied theology, and engaged in much more dubious enterprises. His first real stroke for Communism, Essad-Bey declares, came after the 1905 Revolution when he robbed the transport of the Russian State Bank of 341,000 roubles, which he turned over to the Party. Essad-Bey devotes ample space to the quarrel between Trotsky and Stalin, explaining that Trotsky represented the point of view of modern Europe, while Stalin remained true to his Asiatic birth — two worlds, irreconcilable. Trotsky, Essad-Bey explains, is a romantic; Stalin, a bitter realist, and therefore bound to win. It is hardly necessary to comment upon the importance of knowing as much about this Stalin as possible; he rules something like one-sixth of the inhabitated world, and his policies will have more and more influence upon the lives of all of us. Essad-Bey has executed an admirable portrait of him.

Life in Early America

OF BOOKS on subjects nearer home there are usually enough to keep us out of mischief. The endlessly fascinating field of Americana furnishes two excellent volumes: *Black Elk Speaks, Being the Life Story of a Holy Man of the Ogalala Sioux*, told to John G. Neihardt (Morrow, $3.75), and *Silver Dollar: The Story of the Tabors*, by David Karsner (Covici-Friede, $3). Mr. Neihardt has made a faithful transcript of this Indian autobiography, which is at once an important document and a highly readable piece of literature. The illustrations are by the noted Indian painter, Standing Bear. Mr. Karsner's book is one of those incredible chapters from the story of pioneer days in this country with which we are all more or less familiar. H. A. W. Tabor, the founder of the House of Tabor, started with nothing, became enormously wealthy from a silver mine, won his way into politics, and after having lived the life of an Oriental potentate, died a pauper. The last of his children came to the saddest possible end. The tale is told in a snappy style that is somewhat too journalistic to be wholly pleasing, but Mr. Karsner has done his research with care, and the story itself is irresistible in its humor and pathos. *John Hanson: Our First*

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President, by Seymour Wemyss Smith (Brewer, Warren and Putnam) explores a by-way of American history in an interesting way — Hanson, if you happen to be as ignorant on the subject as the Landscaper, was a Marylander who was chosen President by the Continental Congress on November 5, 1781, eight years before the election of George Washington.

Catholic and Protestant

THE long story of the struggle between Catholic and Protestant in the United States, a war we brought with us from Europe, is told with skill in *The Shadow of the Pope* by Michael Williams (Whittlesey House-McGraw-Hill). Mr. Williams is editor of the Catholic weekly, the *Commonweal*. About half his book is devoted to the Presidential campaign of 1928, when the nomination by the Democrats of Alfred E. Smith aroused all the hatred of Catholicism that is a heritage of certain sections of the United States. Mr. Williams inquires with care into the reasons for this hatred; his is a fair statement of the situation from the point of view of an intelligent Catholic. Whether or not it will change any one's mind, is, of course, altogether another matter. Religious prejudice dies as hard as race prejudice, and intelligence affects neither, since both are fundamentally emotional.

One of the States where prejudice against Catholics is strongest is given something else to think about in a remarkable book called *I Am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain-Gang* by Robert G. Burns (Vanguard, $2). Burns was a shell-shocked soldier who got into trouble with the Georgia authorities some years ago. He finally escaped, after unspeakable cruelties had been visited upon him, made his way to Chicago, and became the successful editor of a magazine. Rearrested and threatened with extradition, he ran away again, and was still at large when his book was published. His story is a comment not only upon the Georgia penal system, but upon the whole system of American justice, that thoughtful citizens will find worth reading — it becomes easier and easier in this country for the guilty to escape any punishment whatever, and the relatively innocent to be treated with sheer and inexcusable brutality. Collinson Owen's *King Crime* (Holt, $2.50), an Englishman's observations upon American justice, is one of the best books of the sort the Landscaper has read. Mr. Owen concludes his volume with the question: what are you going to do about it? One wonders if anything will be done in the face of a public apathy that seems to break all previous records.

Planning for the Future

MORE cheerful is another symposium edited by Charles A. Beard, and called *America Faces the Future* (Houghton Mifflin, $3). There are contributions from many of our leading thinkers and near-thinkers, and the gist of the whole matter seems to be that economic planning will save us from the recurrence of the present disaster. This is a heartening book for those who can bring themselves to believe in it; the Landscaper is not deeply moved by its optimistic tone. The title seems overhopeful, as the amount of gen-

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uine future-facing this country has done since 1929, in proportion to the need, has been infinitesimal. This is especially true of the great minds in Washington, D. C. Further discouragement, for those who are gluttons for punishment, may be found in an excellent book called *Agricultural Credit in the United States* by Earl Sylvester Sparks of the University of South Dakota (Crowell, $3.75). This is the best volume on the subject the Landscaper has come across, thorough and sensible, and very plainly indicative of some of the difficulties that lie in the path of the economic planners. Mr. Sparks concludes that credit for farmers is by no means a panacea, as the politicians used to say; indeed, as in the Southern cotton-growing sections, abundant credit is often the worst possible thing for the farmer, and usually ends with the Government owning his acres, and the farmer himself not only bankrupt financially but so discouraged that nothing could lure him back to the land. Economic planning on the grand scale sounds lovely, but where shall we find the minds in this country to do the planning? We pause for a reply. . . .

A Shelf of Fiction

ENOUGH of this serious business for a little while, though. The fiction shelf does not appear exactly overcrowded with important novels, but there are a dozen or so that deserve our attention. Booth Tarkington's *Mary's Neck* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is a book filled with Tarkingtonian virtues, shrewd observation, humor, characterization, and a good plot. It concerns itself with the adventures of the Middle Western Massey family at a fashionable Maine resort, and it offers so many opportunities for the kind of biting social satire Mr. Tarkington showed himself capable of in *Alice Adams*, one lays it aside regretfully. This is perhaps not the place to discuss the Tragedy of Tarkington, but the Landscaper is one reader who will never cease to regret that a novelist of real gifts should have used them so seldom in the course of a long and honorable career. *Mary's Neck* is good enough to give poignance to one's disappointment that it is not better. Nan Bagby Stephens's *Glory* (John Day, $2.50) is a novel made from the play *Roseanne* which was produced in New York some years ago at the Greenwich Village Theatre, a well-done and moving story of Negro life in Georgia, which presents Miss Stephens as a novelist of importance, although this is her first attempt. *Call Home the Heart* by Fielding Burke (Longmans, Green, $2.50) is another interesting book from the South, the story of a mountain girl named Ishma and her sweetheart. The setting is North Carolina, with mill town life as a contrast to the freedom and peace of the mountains; Mr. Burke knows and handles the mountain idiom and the mountain folk with skill, and ought to do valuable work in a field that still holds many riches.

Anne Green Again

ANNE GREEN, author of two best-sellers, has done a savage portrait of a Southern girl in *Marietta* (Dutton, $2.50), but with such consummate skill is the tragedy

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written that one reads it without effort or pain. It is a little like the old story of the headsman so skilled that his victims had to take snuff after the stroke to discover that their heads no longer belonged properly to their bodies. Miss Green has an admirable sense of comedy, which does not desert her at any point; it is, perhaps, the bright keenness of her intelligence that keeps her books engaging, no matter what turn she chooses to give them. *Marietta* is the story of a Mississippi family in Paris, father a competent lawyer with a fair income, mother a spoiled Southern belle, two daughters, Lucile, plainer and less pushing, and pretty and selfish Marietta. Marietta plays the mischief with everything and everybody she touches. Her portrait is admirably done, and one need not comment now upon how well Miss Green does her Franco-American backgrounds. She is a novelist of fine talents, one of the few living for whom this observer feels a sense of deep gratitude. *Marietta* may not prove as popular as its predecessors, but it is in no sense a let-down.

Readers with a taste for delicate literary flavors in fiction are certain to find to their liking *The Phoenix-Kind* by Peter Quennell (Viking, $2.50), a novel of exquisite workmanship that has won the praise of nearly all the critics in England and America. This story of two brothers, a lady of few conventions, and a fall from virtue is well constructed, attractively written, and a safe enough recommendation for those who ask distinction in their fictional fare. For those who enjoy historical novels, with the adventure element uppermost, Carola Oman's *Major Grant* (Holt, $2.50) may be recommended with few reservations; this excellent story of the Peninsular Wars is told with all the grace and quiet humor that are to be found in others of Miss Oman's works, such as *Crouchback* and *Miss Barrett's Elopement*. The present book is the tale of the escape from Spain of a handsome young British officer, the head of Wellington's secret service.

Life in a Small Town

BRADDA FIELD'S *Small Town* (Appleton, $2.50) is a distinctly artistic piece of work, the story of three sisters in a small Canadian village, and the escape from the drab life there by one of the trio. Miss Field's characters are absolutely alive, which is one of the reasons her novel is so intensely interesting; she understands keeping up the emotional tension, too, so that a plot and a background that seem hopelessly drab become anything else but in her deft hands. This is her second novel, *The Earthen Lot* having been her first. She is a newcomer to the field of fiction who will certainly bear watching.

An American novel in an older tradition, long, patiently done, and with characters in whom nobility is a trait one discovers without too much of a sense of surprise, is Erika Zastrow's *Broken Arcs* (Holt, $2.50). This is Miss Zastrow's first published piece of fiction, and a more than competent effort. Beginning in Schleswig-Holstein, its setting shifts to this country, back to Germany, and then again to New York for a happy ending. A brief Middle Western episode is the high spot in the

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book, an extraordinarily dramatic incident that is complete in itself. Miss Zastrow has created a lovable heroine whose fortunes one follows with the keenest interest; it is rare in these days to meet in a book so wholly alive a person whose goodness is entirely credible.

Two of the newer English novels both suggest something of the Dickensian tradition, and should appeal to most readers. These are: *The Old Woman Talks* by F. O. Mann (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), Mr. Mann having been introduced to American readers with *Albert Grope;* and *David's Day*, by Denis Mackail. (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). Both are longish novels, with plenty of plot and excitement, and plenty of quiet humor as well. Mr. Mann was born a South Londoner and knows the Cockney people of whom he writes. Mr. Mackail has a steadily growing reputation among the readers of substantial fiction, which is entertaining along with its other qualities. Something else again is Wyndham Lewis's *The Apes of God* (McBride, $2.50), a very long and highly Rabelaisian satire upon a large number of subjects, with more than one European figure easily recognizable in its crowded pages. Naturally one needs some knowledge of the things and people satirized to get the fullest enjoyment from the book, but any one ought to be able to enjoy the zest with which it is done and its many witty lines.

Good Short Stories

THREE new books of short stories that are every one worth some attention are *Without Cherry Blossom* by Panteleimon Romanof (Scribner, $2.50); *Great Spanish Short Stories* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50); and *The Best American Mystery Stories of the Year, Volume II (1932)*, edited by Carolyn Wells (John Day, $2.50). Romanof is the author of *Three Pairs of Silk Stockings*, one of the best novels that has come out of Soviet Russia. The theme of *Without Cherry Blossom* is love under the Soviets, and the stories are handled in a masterful manner, filled with social significance, but not depending at all upon this quality alone for their interest. The volume of Spanish short stories is translated by Warre B. Wells, and has an introduction by Henri Barbusse, one of the many Hispanophile Frenchmen. There are good selections from such writers as Unamuno, Valle-Inclán, Baroja, Ayala and Miró, among the oldsters, and an equal number of selections from the younger authors of the country, so that the book represents a very fair cross-section of contemporary Spanish literature. The Carolyn Wells volume ought to be in the hands, or at the bedside, of every lover of mystery stories — she knows as well how to select such yarns as she does to tell them.

The Landscaper never quite realizes how many books there are each month that are worthy of note until he reaches this dangerous point in his allotment of space. There are, for example, Denis Tilden Lynch's *Grover Cleveland: Man Four Square* (Liveright, $3.50), a perfectly corking biography by one of the Landscaper's favorite biographers, which may receive attention later; Emery Neff's *Carlyle* (Norton, $3), a highly readable short biography of one

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of the Landscaper's favorite authors — Mr. Neff thinks we are in for a revival of Carlyle and the Carlylean system; *So Far, So Good!*, the autobiography of Elsie Janis (Dutton, $4), which she very evidently and delightfully wrote herself, and last, but not at all least, *Time Stood Still, 1914–1918*, by Paul Cohen-Portheim, (Dutton) the author of one of the best books on England written in this age, *England, The Unknown Isle*. The present volume is an account of Cohen-Portheim's four years in an English prison camp during the War, a fair, even-tempered and intelligent story of how it felt to be interned as an alien enemy in a country one had long known as a friend. Cohen-Portheim was a thoroughgoing cosmopolitan, a painter who was as much at home in one country as another. The War cost him four years out of his life. His book is admirable in every respect.

If the Landscaper may be permitted a postscript, there is a new book by D. H. Lawrence now available. It is called *Apocalypse* (Viking, $3), and as a sort of last will and testament of a genius should interest many people. Lawrence tries to explain himself in it, and at least makes clear his belief in the emotions as opposed to the intellect. Since this battle goes merrily on in our civilization, his book has significance for all of us.

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

THE Goethe Celebration being carried on throughout Germany this summer, together with many specially interesting events which will draw any number of eager visitors to Germany this year, recalls Goethe's own keen evaluation of travel as well as the definite effect travel has had and is having on the world at large. Goethe's advice was, "Never stay rooted to the ground! Gaily venture, gaily rove! Head and arm with cheery powers are everywhere at home. The world is wide that we may roam about her surface." And for the times in which he lived, Goethe was quite a traveler. When the first railway was put in operation in England, he hailed the event with intense interest, for he looked upon railroads with their ceaseless shuttling back and forth between countries as definite forerunners of peace and international understanding, forseeing in them channels for the breaking down of national frontiers, prejudices and misunderstandings.

Trade Follows the Tourist

RAILROADS are still fulfilling Goethe's concept of their place in the scheme of things, their importance augmented by the ceaseless interest of indefatigable tourists. Only last month at a conference of European railway representatives, Trans-Atlantic line directors and consular corps, which met to further the good-will created by travel, Mr. E. Schmitz, general representative of the German Tourist Information Bureau, in an address said, "Once it was said that trade follows the Flag. Today, particularly after the tremendous development of the tourist industry in recent years, it can well be said, 'Trade follows the tourist.' There is more need for American travel in Europe than ever before. The traveler is the ambassador of good-will and the best promoter and salesman for his country. Increased travel will stimulate old and develop new business — and that is what the world needs today."

Dollars Go a Long Way in Germany

THOSE who plan to make Germany their goal this summer will find that their vacation money will go farther than ever before — and that is a consideration with us all these days. Restaurants, hotels, shops, theatres and barbers have materially reduced their prices and now the Government goes even farther, decreeing price slashes in the key industries which will naturally bring things down to lower prices all around. Tourists are finding that railroad sleepers are not so dear as they were before, and that the reduction in automobile rentals has a particularly agreeable sound, though these rates have never been exorbitant in Germany. It may sound like a fairy tale but it has been estimated that a four weeks' "cure" in one of the large German health resorts, including the best hotel accommodations, all meals, resort tax, baths and medical attendance, averages about one hundred dollars. And after this, one feels very much like exclaiming with Ripley, "Believe it or not!" Of course if you do not need medical attention you are just that much more to the merry, and can spend it on things you may enjoy more. But wherever you go in Germany this year, whether you dally along the castled Rhine, penetrate the Black Forest or rusticate in the Bavarian Alps, you will find that you are living for much less than you would have to spend if you stayed at home. Thinking that tourists may suppose that rates in the cities celebrating the Goethe Festivals will surge upward at the height of the season, certain cities, such as Frankfurt-on-Main where Goethe was born, have officially announced that the rates for rooms in hotels will be thirty per cent lower than they were in 1930. Berlin hotels have also reduced their prices — and so it goes. Not for many moons has Germany offered better opportunity for economical travel.

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Glimpse the Middle Ages in Old Breslau

WHILE the traveling is so promising, why not make a point of going to see that famous old city way off to the east in Silesia — Breslau, near the Polish border. It has kept up with the times, for all its years, and has parts that appear extremely modern, even having continental skyscrapers, if you please. But not too modern. Just enough to serve as a perfect contrast for the color and romance of the Old City where ancient streets are bordered by raftered Gothic houses with aspiring gables and peaked windows — houses which gazed on the pageantry of the Middle Ages and still ponder silently their imposing pasts. Many fine old churches, the work of German and Italian masters, hold interest for Breslau's guests, and so do the gracious little parks and promenades always appearing when you need them most and offering such delightful occasions for sitting under the trees and watching the world go by. It was in Breslau that Gustav Freytag laid the scene of *Sell und Haben*.

A Census of Bavarian Museums

LATEST dispatches from Munich, city beloved of Americans, tell of a census of the Bavarian Museums. Fancy having so many museums that they have to be catalogued and counted to be kept track of. But that is the way things are done in Germany. They are looked after. The result of this unusual census reveals the total number as 243 — in other words, a museum to every 30,000 of Bavaria's seven million five hundred thousand people. And of course this does not take into account all the tourists who pour into Bavaria by the thousand each year and who never complain about there being too many museums. In fact, after they have been through the Deutsche Museum in Munich — and have seen how everything works from the planets to a cuckoo clock — all museums wear a sort of halo more or less, and you are all set to conquer the 180 museums devoted to the art of civilization, the thirty-four concerned with art, and the twenty-nine dealing with the natural sciences. They don't have to be "done" all at once, fortunately, and time is an easy taskmaster in Bavaria, where life moves gently with the rhythm of a Viennese waltz, but there they are when you want them — tidy and tempting.

Travel Trails to Denmark

EVERY spring the main travel routes to Denmark show a lively activity. Brisk little steamers from Harwich come puffing jauntily across the North Sea, landing their English passengers at Esbjerg, whence by train they reach Copenhagen. The French come to Esbjerg by water from Dunkerque. Arrivals from Germany speed via Lubeck, once the proud leader of the Hanseatic Cities, or Warnemunde, in which event they experience that entertaining ferry voyage on the train, for the sleeping and dining cars are run right aboard these steady, immaculate boats and carried bodily across to Denmark. Another approach, popular with Americans, is aboard liners touching at Halifax, at Kristiansand and Oslo in Norway, crossing the Kattegat, passing the sleepy gray towers of Kronberg Castle at Elsinore where Hamlet's ghost was wont to hover and where Shakespeare is said to have performed with a group of strolling players, then sailing straight up the main street of Copenhagen, as it were. Nothing could be neater. Your ship brings you right into the heart of Denmark.

In Amalienborg Square

CLOSE by is the King's Palace — quite close to the docks, in fact, — wholly unpremeditated, but a gesture of welcome nevertheless. And Denmark's tall, well-loved King, who goes about among his subjects unattended, walks in their parks, and exchanges greetings with his friends in a most democratic manner, confirms this impression of genuine hospitality, so apparent wherever you go in Denmark. His Majesty occupies one of the four palaces built at angles around the sides of Amalienborg Square, which borders the city's busy docks, yet the old square itself is quite sleepy except for the gathering of enamored crowds who, each day just before noon, congregate to watch the tall, sleek guards in their bushy black busbies and wide white cross belts march into the Square with military precision and change guard.

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Copenhagen Captures our Fancy

THERE are two ways of exploring Copenhagen: on a bicycle, if you are good at wangling your way in and out of traffic, for every person out of three in Copenhagen rides a bicycle, and on your own two good feet. Its streets are full of life, color, vivid interest. Fashionable shops display in their shining windows precious pieces of Tonder lace, prized handiwork of the clever housewives of the little town of Tonder in southwest Jutland. Others show gleaming groups of Royal Copenhagen porcelain, and before long you will have discovered that the porcelains made in the royal factory have for their mark those three short wavy lines which symbolize the Danish waters, while those which are produced by private enterprises carry the mark of three towers. Marking their porcelains with towers must have been perfectly spontaneous with the Danes, for Copenhagen is a city which simply bristles with towers. One of the most curious is that which tops the Stock Exchange, also down on the water front. It is made of the twisted tails of four serpents standing on their chins, if serpents have chins, entwined like so many of the Russian columns that you see in Moscow, and pointing skyward until they dwindle into nothingness. Their heads face the points of the compass, so in Copenhagen, at least, the stock exchange is not a bad place to go to get your bearings.

Flower markets and fish markets flourish in the broad sunny squares under the capable, if sometimes caustic, management of the Amager women. These ladies for the most part are descendants of those sturdy Dutch gardeners which King Christian II brought from Holland to colonize the island of Amager centuries ago. They wear voluminous petticoats, checked aprons and tidy little square shawls, topping off their costumes with poke bonnets tied on by red kerchiefs. But it is their banter and shrewdness which has endeared the Amager women to the population, and part of the entertainment in making a visit to market is to see them in action. They watch over trays of silvery, squirming fish, for no Danish housekeeper would think of buying fish that were not alive and call them "fresh."

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Canada's Exploration and Conquest in Pictures

A KEEN traveler is always on the lookout for anything that will throw a little direct light on every new place he visits. Books, circulars, people, pictures — wherever he can trace a bit of ancient lore, he is tireless in his quest. And he usually unearths something. But nothing like this is going to happen to you when you go for a stay at the Manoir Richelieu, that thoroughly delightful hotel in Murray Bay, Quebec, owned by the Canada Steamship Lines, for hung upon its walls in wondrous array is the finest collection of Canadiana in the world where you may feast your eyes and imagination without stint and learn more about the early days of Canada than months of research would accomplish. Here in satisfying completeness are pictorial representations bearing the impress of three nations — France, England and the United States — all concerned with Canadian scenes and people — a panorama of life in early Canada. Some are done in water-colors or oils; others are old prints or engravings, and there are any number of rare maps — all in all like some thrilling pageant of the past these pictures tell the story of Canada's exploration, conquest and settlement.

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The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

The Cost of Country Life

By Ethel C. Gardner

The pioneer of Ruralia (whose complaint appeared in the March North American Review) was unlucky, economically, in his choice of a country home. Twelve years ago I settled in an eastern Connecticut village of five hundred inhabitants, fourteen miles from the nearest chain store and ten from a railway station. I could then have rented a house without plumbing or furniture for six dollars a month. The price has risen now to ten. But instead of renting I bought a small house with three-quarters of an acre of land for $850, which I remodeled and fitted with the necessaries. The price of lumber I unfortunately did not record, but for hauling there was no charge. Skilled labor still costs fifty or sixty cents an hour, and ordinary labor forty.

Well drilling seems to be the only item costing twice as much as in Ruralia. Here it is six dollars a foot. Our plumbing is usually done by a local genius who works for sixty cents an hour and provides materials at cost.

For transportation we have a daily stage, and our own cars. In eight years I have had three new Fords, changing first from an open car to a coupé, then from a Model T to a 1930 geared car. At each change I got a hundred dollars on the old car. My present car runs so well, even after 22,000 miles, that I expect at present to drive it forever. Upkeep, including gas and oil, has been about twenty dollars a month, winter and summer.

Villagers who own cars of course buy in chain stores, as our two local stores charge too much, just as in Ruralia. But villagers without cars can also buy from chain stores, through the stage driver, who charges ten cents per store visited, each time. The only villagers who always buy locally are those who can not pay cash, as of course, here as in Ruralia, our general stores carry their customers financially.

Milk here is ten cents a quart, and that means whole milk, each quart yielding nearly half a pint of rich cream. Vegetables I raise myself in summer, and buy from chain stores in winter.

Six tons of coal keep my house warm through the coldest winter. Its price here is $15 a ton, but wood, sawed ready for splitting, is $7.50 a cord.

Last year we also acquired electricity from the town fourteen miles away. My minimum rate is $2.80 a month. I, also, do not have a telephone, for the same reason that prevents the inhabitant of Ruralia, though party service here would cost only two dollars a month. Instead I use that of my neighbor, who enjoys hers quite as much as her radio.

Four years ago, to protect my small lot from possibly unpleasant neighbors, I bought the place next door, two and a half acres with a large house in good shape, for $1,800. On a lake two miles away I have also one and a half acres, for which I paid $150. On this land, for $200, I had built an outdoor stone fireplace, and a rough wooden shack to hold a canoe and some tin dishes. Another $200 built a road, about four hundred feet long, in to the shack. My taxes on these three places are about one-twelfth the amount paid by my relatives in a New York suburb for an average house and half an acre of land.

I pay for laundry one dollar a week, except when in summer many visitors multiply sheets. Then an extra charge is made of fifty cents. Just now, as my regular laundress is ill, the washing is done by another neighbor. Today when I fetched the clean clothes I asked her if one dollar a week would do.

"Well," she said, "That's lovely. Thank you."

No sport clothes are needed here, unless

(*Continued on page XVI*)

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Manoir Richelieu's Priceless Canadiana

So intimately in the early days were our own country and people concerned with the development of Canada, that this collection is of quite as keen interest to Americans as it is to the Canadians themselves. From the standpoint of the collector and the antiquarian, it is of vast importance, whatever country he may claim, for it contains ninety-five per cent of all the known items of the sort obtainable. This achievement (for gathering together such a collection is an achievement) the world owes to the Canada Steamship Lines and particularly to the vision of its president, W. H. Coverdale, whose idea of making this valuable collection part of the decorative scheme of Manoir Richelieu has shown us how amiable living can be made in surroundings that are instructive as well as beautiful, and how practical for the traveler. Many of the lithographs are Currier and Ives prints, and there is a particularly beguiling group of Audubon prints of Canadian birds which make the large sunny dining room gay — a selection of colored aquatints from the Birds of America engraved by W. H. Lizars, Robert Havell and Son, and Robert Havell, Jr. between 1827 and 1838.

Sketches by Soldier-Scholars

Though there must have been little opportunity, between fighting the savages and establishing pioneer settlements, for the fine art of sketching and painting, yet remarkably enough some of the most accurate and entertaining of these pictures and prints were executed by soldiers, engineers and scholars from abroad who managed to stow their sketch books in their kits with their ammunition and were consistently willing to drop their guns when occasion afforded, and indulge in the fine arts by way of diversion. One of these men who left a generous number of his sketches was a certain Lieutenant-Colonel Cockburn who came to Canada in 1823 with the Royal Artillery, and made many water colors of the country around his garrison, one of the most charming being a water-color sketch of *The Lower City of Quebec from the Parapet of the Upper Church.*

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In the May

North American Review

Hamtramck *vs.* Ford

By Murray Godwin

There are comparatively few pictorial records of the French period of Canada in the collection in Manoir Richelieu — perhaps some sixty or more portraits, maps and drawings — but these choice few comprise practically all that are known to exist. Jacques Cartier is represented by a print of his voyage up the St. Lawrence, and there are likenesses of La Salle, Frontenac, Champlain and other explorers on down through the reigns of many French Kings, for the French occupation of Canada began under Francis I and was not relinquished until the reign of Louis XV when the French dream of empire in the new world faded with the defeat of Montcalm by the English. Beside these precious French mementoes, much of the gracious spirit of ancient French hospitality pervades Manoir Richelieu and makes the days of your stay memorable and pleasurable. But one should by all means study this fine collection of Canadiana for a glimpse of the color and movement of Canada's early days.

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(*Continued from page VII*)

public short selling. It seems hardly fair that the bears should be protected from their folly now, when the bulls were encouraged to destroy themselves in 1929 to 1930.

Finally, nothing could help the efforts of pools to put stock prices up — an accomplishment which would benefit business generally — so much as a large and lively short interest.

Budget

SENTIMENT on the question of the Federal budget is divided. The public almost unanimously believes — in theory — that the Government should balance its budget. And the sooner the better. But when you get down to any actual suggestion of curtailment, important interests are ready to oppose cutting. The American Legion believes that veterans' pensions should be continued in full. The Anti-saloon League believes that Prohibition enforcement should be pressed. The National Security League and the Navy League believe that armaments should be increased. Congress hardly feels that its pay should be reduced and the Treasury Department is overworked as it is, trying to collect last year's income tax.

Of course, if this were not a presidential election year, the pleas of organized minorities would not carry so much weight. Under the circumstances it is obvious that no serious curtailment will be undertaken until after the election and, I predict, the budget will not be actually balanced much before the end of the 1932–33 fiscal year.

Taxes

THE other side of the budget situation is, of course, taxes. The only thing that we can be sure of, as yet, about the new taxes, is that they will be higher. The 1932 revenue bill probably will not be enacted until May or June. It will not be retroactive and the capital gains and loss provisions will probably remain in force for 1932, but may be abolished thereafter. If this step should be taken, it could only be construed as constructive.

Sentiment in Washington seems to be swinging towards a sales tax. The fact is, of course, that no other form of taxation will raise enough funds to make a serious dent in the looming deficit. Treasury officials must sigh when they recall the good old days of low budgets and high excise receipts.

Prohibition

PERHAPS in the end we shall look back upon the unbalanced budget with gratitude. Probably nothing else would have served to bring Prohibition into its true perspective. With a cry of "Come on boys, let's sign," Representative La Guardia, "the chunky little New Yorker," as the newspapers describe him, introduced into the House a petition for a Prohibition referendum. When the Federal finances have grown a little worse, such a referendum will be taken seriously by the people.

Inflation

INFLATION continues to be the catchword and the enigma of the financial district, principally because nobody quite knows what it means. This is not surprising in view of the fact that it has many meanings, each of which is subject to various interpretations. Of course, the kind of inflation we are all primarily interested in is inflation of prices. Business is a balloon and sentiment is the gas which gives it lifting power. Sentiment is a surprisingly volatile gas, and will fly out of even the smallest leak with horrible rapidity. It can only be pumped back in again by slow and patient work.

Desire is the parent of accomplishment. One of the most bullish arguments at the present time is the fact that so many people want prices to go up. The banks realize that further deflation of values will spell their ruin. Industry wants its securities to rise in order to restore its credit.

With a certain amount of Democratic coöperation in Congress, the Administration has launched its carefully considered plan to inflate the prosperity balloon. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation, it is hoped, will avert many railroad and other receiverships. The Glass-Steagall bill puts the power of inflating currency into the hands of the Federal Reserve Board. "Baby bonds" are designed to coax hoarded currency out of stockings and safe deposit boxes. And the lowering of the Federal Reserve rediscount rate eases money.

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The skeptics maintain that the depression can not be cured by artificial respiration. They should not forget, however, that sentiment is fickle, and that other panics have been dispelled by ballyhoo.

Bonds

A STRONG bond market — particularly in governments — has been an encouraging feature of the last few weeks. It is perhaps well to point out that in past depressions, the bond market has usually made its low several months before the stock market. In my opinion, it would not be surprising if the bond market lows of December 16 last proved to be the lows of the depression.

Decapitalization

NEAR the top of the recent bull market it was the practice of a great many corporations to split their stocks. Experienced Wall Street men realized that stocks are split to facilitate distribution, and regarded the widespread movement as a bearish signal.

At the present time the opposite procedure is being resorted to. A number of companies — notably Electric Bond and Share and Niagara Hudson — have "de-split" their stocks.

It would seem logical that if stocks are split to enable insiders to distribute, they are "de-split" to further accumulation. Reducing stated capitalization also provides a better base for future profit showing.

Stock Market

I BELIEVE that the stock market is now in an area of accumulation. Accidents are always possible, but unless something entirely unforeseen occurs, I do not believe that the December – January – February lows will be violated by very much.

Last month I recommended for the first time the purchase of common stocks. I believe that this policy should be continued, and suggest that a plan of investing a part of one's common stock fund each month or so during the next six or eight months be carried out. I mentioned last month the groups which I favored, and have no changes to suggest now.

My choice as the best bet for the market leader "when, as and if" a bull market materializes, is United States Steel Common. I believe that within three years of the time when the bear market lows are made it will pass its Coolidge Bull Market high, whereas many old trading favorites will never come back.

War

THE Sino-Japanese War is a source of potential danger. If the Japanese Government is pressed for funds, it will have to raise them by an internal loan, which, in turn, will force the liquidation of American securities. I do not think that the chances favor an opportunity for our corporations to sell any substantial amount of war supplies to Japan.

Conclusion

WHILE it must be admitted that there is as yet no statistical evidence of any increase in business activity, it appears to me that the base is being laid for substantial recovery. The railroads should shortly be in a position to buy equipment and the new Ford may stimulate the automobile business. Further improvement in construction contract figures would be an important index of improvement. But a substantial contraction of hoarding would be the best possible sign of changed sentiment.

BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

(*Continued from page VI*)

VARIED OTHERS

(*Continued*)

A History of Fishes. By *J. R. Norman*. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $7.50.

A comprehensive volume, well indexed, which includes the latest research in the study of fishes, by an authority at the British Museum of Natural History.

People of the Leaves. By *Vivian Meik*. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.00.

The author describes a tribe, backward in comparison with other primitive races, of pigmies which he found in the Bengal jungles.

High Hats and Low Brows. By *Ellery Walter*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.00.

Mr. Walter tells how he went about getting interviews with such prominent people as Mussolini and former King Alfonso, and gives some photographs of these meetings. William Lyon Phelps has written a short foreword, commending the author's resolution.

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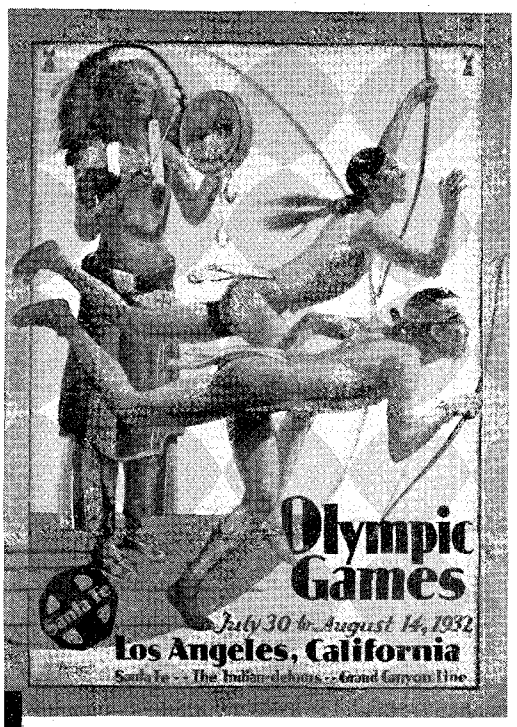

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The Reader's Turn

(Continued from page XII)

you call overalls and rubber boots sport clothes. The only sports anyway are hunting, fishing, canoeing and swimming. There is neither a golf course nor an art colony. Some of us paint but we don't make a colony. We are so few that we unfortunately could not prevent the building of an ugly garage in the village. At least, however, it supplies us with gasoline at the regular rates.

Last month I spent a week in New York, where I also spent a hundred dollars, not counting purchases, even though it happened to be an off week for concerts and the theatre. Three weeks ago I reached home again, with thirty dollars, which lasted until now, and would have done for another week if yesterday I had not happened in at an auction.

Testimonial

By H. M. Foster

For some time I have wanted to express my admiration of the high character of The North American Review. The tone of its articles and stories shows such superiority in knowledge, authority and good writing to other magazines, which seem to seek only smartness, as to give me renewed confidence in tradition and long-tested prestige in this world of furiously changing values.

Mr. Pell's little touches of irony attract me far more than the labored efforts of other financial writers I know. There is an unusual flavor in the stories and articles that rather baffles labeling, but makes them all the more worth reading. I could wish that Professor Neil Carothers and Mr. Herbert C. Pell had asked their readers to express their views to Congressmen — perhaps I should not judge others by myself, but I do.

I had an interesting letter from Mr. Algernon Blackwood about his *Fire Body* in which he rebuked me characteristically for my comments on it.

I want particularly to praise a certain, or rather uncertain, quality in Mr. DeWitt's handling of the charming feature, *Apéritif*. As he can describe the pest of a tenant on the floor below with such delicate but effective aloofness, will he not please do more such sketches?

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